THE

CASTLE SPECTRE:

A DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE, ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1797.

By M. G. LEWIS, Esq. M. P.

AUTHOR OF THE MONK, &c.

Io me n' andro colla barchetta mia,
Quanto l'acqua comporta un picciol legno;
E ciò, ch' io penso colla fantasia,
Di piacere ad ognuno è il mio disegno:
Ben so, che spesso, come già Morgante,
Lasciato ho forse troppo andar la mazza;
Ma dove sia poi judice bastante,
Materia c' è da camera, e da piazza.

PULCI.

DUBLIN:

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1799.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WROUGHTON.

FAR from the haunts of men, of vice the foe,
The moon-ſtruck child of genius and of woe,
Verſed in each magic ſpell, and dear to fame,
A fair enchantreſs dwells, Romance her name.
She loathes the ſun, or blazing taper's light:
The moon-beam'd landſcape and tempeſtuous night
Alone ſhe loves; and oft, with glimmering lamp,
Near graves new-open'd, or 'midſt dungeons damp,
Drear foreſts, ruin'd aiſles, and haunted towers,
Forlorn ſhe roves, and raves away the hours!
Anon, when ſtorms howl loud and laſh the deep,
Deſperate ſhe climbs the ſea-rock's beetling ſteep;
There wildly ſtrikes her harp's fantaſtic ſtrings,
Tells to the moon how grief her boſom wrings,
And while her ſtrange ſong chaunts fictitious ills,
In wounded hearts Oblivion's balm diſtills.
A youth, who yet has lived enough to know
That life has thorns, and taſte the cup of woe,
As late near Conway's time-bowed towers he ſtray'd,
Invok'd this bright enthuſiaſt's magic aid.
His prayer was heard. With arms and boſom bare,
Eyes flaſhing fire, looſe robes, and ſtreaming hair,
Her heart all anguiſh, and her ſoul all flame,
Swift as her thoughts, the lovely maniac came!
High heav'd her breaſts, which ſtruggling paſſions rent,
As preſt to give ſome fear-fraught myſtery vent:
And oft, with anxious glance and alter'd face,
Trembling with terror, ſhe relax'd her pace,
And ſtopt! and liſtened!—Then with hurried tread
Onwards again ſhe ruſh'd yet backwards bent her head,
As if from murderous ſwords of following fiends ſhe fled!
Soon as near Conway's walls her footſteps drew,
She bade the youth their ancient ſtate renew:
Eager he ſped the fallen towers to rear:
'Twas done, and fancy bore the fabric here,
Next chooſing from great Shakeſpeare's comic ſchool,
The goſſip crone, groſs friar, and gibing fool—
Theſe, with a virgin fair and lover brave,
To our young author's care the enchantreſs gave;
But charged him, ere he bleſt the brave and fair,
To lay th' exulting villains boſom bare,
And by the torments of his conſcience ſhow,
That proſperous vice is but triumphant woe!

The pleaſing taſk, congenial to his ſoul,
Oft from his own ſad thoughts our author ſtole:
Bleſt be his labours, if with like ſucceſs
They ſooth their ſorrows whom I now addreſs.
Beneath this dome, ſhould ſome afflicted breaſt
Mourn ſlighted talents, or deſert oppreſt,
Falſe friendſhip, hopeleſs love, or faith betray'd;
Our author will eſteem each toil o'er-paid,
If, while his muſe exerts her livelier vein,
Or tells imagined woes in plaintive ſtrain,
Her ſights and fancies make one ſmile appear
On the pale cheek, where trickled late a tear;
Or if *her* fabled ſorrows ſteal one groan,
Which elſe her hearers would have given their own.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. JORDAN.

OSMOND by this arrived at Charon's ferry,
My honour ſaved, and dad alive and merry,
Hither I come the public doom to know,
But come not uncompell'd—the more's my woe!
E'en now, (oh! pity, friends, my hard miſhap!)
My ſhoulder felt a Bow-Street runner's tap,
Who, while I ſhook with fear in every limb,
Thus ſpoke, with accent ſtern and viſage grim—
"Miſtreſs!" quoth he, "to me it given in truſt is,
"To bring you ſtraight before our learned Juſtice;
"For, know, 'tis ſaid, to-night, the whole town o'er,
"You've kill'd one Oſmond, alias Barrymore."
"The fellow's mad!" 'twas thus amaz'd I ſpoke;
"Lord! Sir, I murdered Oſmond for a joke.
"This dagger free from blood, will make it certain,
"He died but till the prompter dropped the curtain;
"And now, well pleaſed to quit this ſcene of riot,
"The man's gone home to ſup in peace and quiet!"
Finding that all I ſaid was ſaid in vain,
And Townſhend ſtill his firſt deſign maintain,
I thought 'twere beſt to fly for ſhelter here,
And beg my generous friends to interfere.
But though the awkward nature of my caſe
May ſpread ſome ſlight confuſion o'er my face,

No

No terrors awe my boſom, I'll aſſure ye;
Juſt is my cauſe, and Engliſh is my jury!
Beſides, it muſt appear, on explanation,
How very tickliſh was my ſituation,
And all perforce his crimes when I relate,
Muſt own that Oſmond well deſerved his fate.
He heeded not papa's pathetic pleading;
He ſtabbed mama—which was extreme ill-breeding;
And at his feet for mercy when *I* ſued,
The odious wretch, I vow, was downright rude.
Twice his bold hands my perſon dared to touch!
Twice in one day!—'Twas really once too much!
And therefore juſtly filled with virtuous ire,
To ſave my honour, and protect my ſire
I drew my knife, and in his boſom ſtuck it;
He fell, you clapped—and then he kicked the bucket!
So periſh ſtill the wretch, whoſe ſoul can know
Selfiſh delight, while cauſing other's woe;
Who blaſts that joy, the ſweeteſt God has given,
And makes an hell, where love would make an heaven!
Forbear, thou lawleſs libertine! nor ſeek
Forc'd favours on that pale averted cheek:
If thy warm kiſſes coſt bright eyes one tear,
Kiſſes from loveliеſt lips are bought too dear—
Unleſs thoſe lips with thine keep playful meaſure,
And that ſweet tear ſhould be a tear of pleaſure!
Now as for Oſmond—at that villain's name
I feel reviving wrath my ſoul inflame!
And ſhall one ſhort and ſudden pang ſuffice
To clear ſo baſe a fault, ſo groſs a vice?
No! to your bar, dear friends, for aid I fly!
Bid Oſmond live again, again to die;
Nightly with plaudits loud his breath recall,
Nightly beneath my dagger ſee him fall,
Give him a thouſand lives!—and let *me* take them all.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OSMOND,	—	*Mr. Barrymore.*
REGINALD,	—	*Mr. Wroughton.*
PERCY,	—	*Mr. Kemble.*
FATHER PHILIP,		*Mr. Palmer.*
MOTLEY,	—	*Mr. Banniſter*, jun.
KENRIC,	—	*Mr. Aickin.*
SAIB, —	—	*Mr. Truman.*
HASSAN,	—	*Mr. Dowton.*
MULEY,	—	*Mr. Davis.*
ALARIC,	—	*Mr. Wentworth.*
ALLAN,	—	*Mr. Packer.*
EDRIC,	—	*Mr. Wathen.*
HAROLD,	—	*Mr. Gibbon.*
ANGELA,	—	*Mrs. Jordan.*
ALICE,	—	*Mrs. Walcot.*
EVELINA,	—	*Mrs. Powell.*

The MUSIC *compoſed by* MR. KELLY.

BRITISH
8 MR 1921
MUSEUM

THE

CASTLE SPECTRE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter Father PHILIP *and* MOTLEY.

Father Philip.

NEVER tell me!—I repeat it, you are a fellow of a very ſcandalous courſe of life!

Motl. And I repeat it, I'm a perfect image of the pureſt virtue, compared to whom, for ſobriety and continence, Cato was a drunkard, and Lucretia little better than ſhe ſhould be.

F. Phil. O! hardened in impudence!—Can you deny being a pilferer, a lyar, a glutton——

Motl. Can I?—Heaven be thanked, I've courage enough to deny any thing!

F. Phil. Doesn't all the world cry out upon you?

Motl. Certainly my tranſcendant merit has procured me ſome enemies, and, in common with many other great men, my virtue at preſent labours under ſomething of a cloud. But underſtand me right, Father: Though I don't aſſent to the ſum-total of your accuſations, poſſibly I may acknowledge ſome of the items; the beſt actions frequently appear culpable, merely becauſe their motives are unexplained.—Therefore produce your charges, let me juſtify my conduct, and I doubt not I ſhall retrieve my reputation from your hands as immaculate and pure as a new ſheet of foolſcap.

F. Phil. To begin then with your pilfering—Did you, or did you not, break open the pantry-door, and ſteal out the great gooſe-pye?

Motl.

Motl. Begging your pardon, Father, that was no fault of mine.

F. Phil. Whose then?

Motl. The cook's undoubtedly; for if he hadn't locked the pantry door, 'tis an hundred to one I shouldn't have taken the trouble to break it open.

F. Phil. Nonsense! Nonsense!—I tell you, you've been guilty of stealing, which is a monitrous crime! And what did you steal? Had you taken any thing else I might have forgiven you: but to lay irreverent hands upon the goose-pye!—As I'm a Christian, the identical goose pye which I intended for my own supper!—But this is not my only objection to your conduct.

Motl. No?

F. Phil. What principally offends me is, that you pervert the minds of the maids, and keep kissing and smuggling all the pretty girls you meet. Oh! sy! fye!

Motl. I kiss and smuggle them? St. Francis forbid! Lord love you, Father, 'tis they who kiss and smuggle me. I protest I do what I can to preserve my modesty; and I wish that Archbishop Dunstan had heard the lecture upon chastity which I read last night to the dairy-maid in the dark! he'd have been quite edified. But yet what does talking signify? The eloquence of my lips is counteracted by the lustre of my eyes; and really the little devils are so tender, and so troublesome, that I'm half angry with nature for having made me so very bewitching.

F. Phil. Nonsense! Nonsense!

Motl. Why it was but yesterday that Cicely and Lucy went to fisty-cuffs, quarrelling which looked neatest—my red leg, or my yellow one. Then they are so fond and so coaxing! They hang about one so lovingly! And one says, "Kind Mr. Motley!" and t'other, "Sweet Mr. Motley!"—Ah! Father Philip! Father Philip! How is a poor little bit of flesh and blood, like me, to resist such temptation?—Put yourself in my place: Suppose that a sweet smiling rogue, just fifteen, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, pouting lips, &c.

F. Phil. Oh! fye! fye! fye!—To hear such licentious discourse brings the tears into my eyes!

Motl. I believe you, Father; for I see the water is running over at your mouth. However, this shews you——

F. Phil.

F. Phil. It ſhews me that you are a reprobate, and that my advice is thrown away upon you: In future I ſhall keep thoſe counſels to myſelf, which I offered you from motives of pure Chriſtian charity.

Motl. Charity, my good Father, ſhould always begin at home: Now, inſtead of giving yourſelf ſo much trouble to mend me, what if you thought a little of correcting yourſelf?

F. Phil. I?—I have nothing to correct.

Motl. No, to be ſure!

F. Phil. The odour of my ſanctity perfumes the whole kingdom.

Motl. It has a powerful ſmell about it, I own, not unlike carrion; you may wind it a mile off.

F. Phil. All malice!

Motl. Not exactly: I could mention ſome little points which might be altered in you ſtill better than in myſelf; ſuch as intemperance, gluttony—

F. Phil. Gluttony?—Oh! abominable falſhood!

Motl. Plain matter of fact!—Why will any man pretend to ſay that you came honeſtly by that enormous belly, that tremendous tomb of fiſh, fleſh, and fowl? I proteſt I'm grateful to Heaven that among the unclean Beaſts who accompanied Noah, there went not into the ark a pair of fat monks: they muſt infallibly have created a famine, and then the world would never have been re-peopled.—Next, for incontinence, you muſt allow yourſelf that you are unequalled.

F. Phil. I? I?

Motl. You, you.—May I aſk what was your buſineſs in the beech-grove the other evening, when I caught you with buxom Margery the miller's pretty wife? Was it quite neceſſary to lay your heads together ſo cloſe?

F. Phil. Perfectly neceſſary: I was whiſpering in her ear wholeſome advice.

Motl. Indeed? Faith then ſhe took your advice as kindly as it was given, and exactly in the ſame way too: you gave it with your lips, and ſhe took it with hers!—Well done, Father Philip!

F. Phil. Son, ſon, you give your tongue too great a licence.

Motl. Nay, Father, be not angry: Fools, you know, are privileged perſons.

F. Phil.

F. Phil. I know they are very uſeleſs ones; and in ſhort, Maſter Motley, to be plain with you, of all fools I think you the worſt; and for fools of all kinds I've an inſuperable averſion.

Mot. Really! Then you have one good quality at leaſt, and I cannot but admire ſuch a total want of ſelf-love! [*an horn ſounds.*] But hark! 'tis the dinner-horn. Away to table, Father—Depend upon't, the ſervants will rather eat part of their dinner unbleſſed, than ſtay till your ſtomach comes like Jonas's whale, and ſwallows up the whole.

F. Phil. Well, well, fool, I am going: but firſt let me explain to you, that my bulk proceeds from no indulgence of voracious appetite. No, ſon, no: Little ſuſtenance do I take; but St. Cuthbert's bleſſing is upon me, and that little proſpers with me moſt marvellouſly. Verily, the Saint has given me rather too plentiful an encreaſe, and my legs are ſcarce able to ſupport the weight of his bounties. [*Exit.*

Mot. [*alone.*] He looks like an over grown turtle, waddling upon his hind fins!—Yet at bottom 'tis a good fellow enough, warm-hearted, benevolent, friendly, and ſincere; but no more intended by nature to be a monk, than I to be a maid of honour to the queen of Sheba. [*Going.*]

Enter PERCY.

Percy. I cannot be miſtaken: in ſpite of his dreſs, his features are too well known to me! Hiſt! Gilbert! Gilbert!

Mot. Gilbert! Oh Lord, that's I!—Who calls?

Percy. Have you forgot me?

Mot. Truly, ſir, that would be no eaſy matter; I never forgot in my life what I never knew.

Percy. Have ten years altered me ſo much that you cannot——

Mot. Hey!——Can it be——Pardon, my dear maſter, pardon!—In truth, you may well forgive my having forgotten *your* name, for at firſt I didn't very well remember my own. However, to prevent further miſtakes, I muſt inform you, that he who in your father's ſervice was Gilbert the knave, is Motley the fool in the ſervice of Earl Oſmond.

Percy.

Percy. Of Earl Osmond? This is fortunate. Gilbert, you may be of use to me; and if the attachment which as a boy you professed for me still exists——

Morl. It does with ardour unabated, for I'm not so unjust as to attribute to you my expulsion from Alnwic Castle: in fact I deserved it, for I cannot deny but that at twenty I was as good for nothing a knave as ever existed; consequently old Earl Percy dismissed me from his service, but I know that it was sorely against your inclination. You were then scarce fourteen, and I had been your companion and play-fellow from your child-hood. I remember well your grief at parting with me, and that you slipped into my hand the purse which contained the whole of your little treasure. That act of kindness struck to my heart: I swore at the moment to love you through life, and if ever I forget my oath, damn me!

Percy. My honest Gilbert!—And what made you assume this habit?

Morl. Ah, my Lord! what could I do?—In spite of my knavery and tricks I was constantly upon the point of starving, and having once contracted an idle habit of eating, I never could bring myself to leave it off. After living five years by my wits, want drove me almost out of them: I know not what course to take, when I heard that Earl Osmond's jester had fled the country. I exerted my knavery for the last time in stealing the fugitive's cast coat, was accepted in his place by the Earl, and now gain an honest livelihood by persuading my neighbours that I'm a greater fool than themselves.

Percy. And your change is for the better?

Morl. Infinitely; indeed your fool is universally preferred to your knave—and for this reason; your fool is cheated, your knave cheats: Now every body had rather cheat, than be cheated.

Percy. Some truth in that.

Morl. And now, sir, may I ask, what brings you to Wales?

Percy. A woman, whom I adore.

Morl. Yes, I guessed that the business was about a petticoat. And this woman is——

Percy.

Percy. The orphan ward of a villager, without friends, without family, without fortune!

Motl. Great points in her favour, I muſt confeſs. And which of theſe excellent qualities won your heart?

Percy. I hope I had better reaſons for beſtowing it on her. No, Gilbert; I loved her for a perſon beautiful without art, and graceful without affectation—for an heart tender without weakneſs, and noble without pride. I ſaw her at once beloved and reverenced by her village companions: they looked on her as a being of ſuperior order; and I felt, that ſhe who gave ſuch dignity to the cottage maid, muſt needs add new luſtre to the coronet of the Percies.

Motl. From which I am to underſtand that you mean to marry this ruſtic.

Percy. Could I mean otherwiſe, I ſhould bluſh for myſelf.

Motl. Yet ſurely the baſeneſs of her origin—

Percy. Can to me be no objection: in giving her my hand I raiſe her to my ſtation, not debaſe myſelf to hers: nor ever, while gazing on the beauty of a roſe, did I think it leſs fair becauſe planted by a peaſant.

Motl. Bravo!—And what ſays your good grumbling father to this?

Percy. Alas! he has long ſlept in the grave!

Motl. Then he's quiet at laſt! Well, God grant him that peace in heaven, which he ſuffered nobody to enjoy on earth!—But, his death having left you maſter of your actions, what obſtacle now prevents your marriage?

Percy. You ſhall hear—Fearful leſt my rank ſhould influence this lovely girl's affections, and induce her to beſtow her hand on the noble, while ſhe refuſed her heart to the man, I aſſumed a peaſant's habit, and preſented myſelf as Edwy the low born and the poor. In this character I gained her heart, and reſolved to hail, as Counteſs of Northumberland, the betrothed of Edwy the low born and the poor!

Motl. I warrant the pretty ſoul wasn't diſpleaſed with the diſcovery!

Percy. That diſcovery is ſtill unmade. Judge how great muſt have been my diſappointment, when, on entering her guardian's cottage with this deſign, he informed

formed me, that the unknown, who ſixteen years before had conſided her to his care, had reclaimed her on that very morning, and conveyed her no one knew whither.

Motl. That was unlucky.

Percy. Was it not?—Ah! had I declared myſelf one day ſooner, ere this ſhe would have been my wife.

Motl. True; and being your wife, if a ſtranger then had conveyed her no one knew whither, you might have thought yourſelf mightly obliged to him.

Percy. However, in ſpite of his precautions, I have traced the ſtranger's courſe, and find him to be Kenric, a dependant upon Earl Oſmond.

Motl. Surely 'tis not Lady Angela, who——

Percy. The very ſame! Speak, my good fellow! do you know her?

Motl. Not by your deſcription; for here ſhe's underſtood to be the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray, my maſter's deceaſed friend. And what is your preſent intention?

Percy. To demand her of the Earl in marriage.

Motl. Oh!—that will never do:—for in the firſt place you'll not be able to get a ſight of him. I've now lived with him five long years, and, till Angela's arrival, never witneſſed a gueſt in the Caſtle.—Oh! 'tis the moſt melancholy manſion! And as to its maſter, he's the very antidote to mirth: He always walks with his arms folded, his brows bent, his eyes louring on you with a gloomy ſcowl: He never ſmiles; and to laugh in his preſence would be high treaſon. He looks at no one—ſpeaks to no one. None dare approach him, except Kenric and his four blacks—all others are ordered to avoid him; and whenever he quits his room, ding! dong! goes a great bell, and away run the ſervants like ſo many ſcared rabbits.

Percy. Strange!—and *what* reaſons can he have for——

Motl. Oh! reaſons in plenty. You muſt know there's an ugly ſtory reſpecting the laſt owners of this Caſtle—Oſmond's brother, his wife, and infant child, were murdered by banditti, as it was ſaid: unluckily the only ſervant who eſcaped the ſlaughter, depoſed, that he recogniſed among the aſſaſſins a black ſtill in the ſervice of Earl Oſmond. The truth of this aſſer-

tion was never known, for the ſervant was found dead in his bed the next morning.

Percy. Good heavens!

Motl. Since that time no ſound of joy has been heard in Conway Caſtle. Oſmond inſtantly became gloomy and ferocious; he now never utters a ſound except a ſigh, has broken every tye of ſociety, and keeps his gates barred unceaſingly againſt the ſtranger.

Percy. Yet Angela is admitted:—But, no doubt, affection for her father——

Motl. Why, no; I rather think that affection for her father's child——

Percy. How?

Motl. If I've any knowledge in love, the Earl feels it for his fair ward: But the Lady will tell you more of this, if I can procure for you an interview.

Percy. The very requeſt which——

Motl. 'Tis no eaſy matter, I promiſe you; but I'll do my beſt. In the meanwhile wait for me in yonder fiſhing hut—its owner's name is Edric;—tell him that I ſent you, and he will give you a-retreat.

Percy. Farewell, then, and remember that whatever reward——

Motl. Dear maſter, to mention a reward inſults me. You have already ſhown me kindneſs; and when 'tis in my power to be of uſe to you, to need the inducement of a ſecond favour would prove me a ſcoundrel undeſerving of the firſt. [*Exit.*

Percy. How warm is this good fellow's attachment! Yet our Barons complain that the great can have no friends! If they have none let their own pride bear the blame. Inſtead of looking with ſcorn on thoſe whom a ſmile would attract, and a favour bind for ever, how many firm friends might our nobles gain if they would but reflect that their vaſſals are men as they are, and have hearts whoſe feelings can be grateful as their own. *Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Caſtle-Hall.*

SAIB *and* HASSAN *meeting.*

Saib. Now, Haſſan, what ſucceſs?

Haſſ. My ſearch has been fruitleſs. In vain have I paced

paced the river's banks, and pierced the grove's deepeſt receſſes. Nor glen nor thicket have I paſſed unexplored, yet found no ſtranger to whom Kenric's deſcription could apply.

Saib. Saw you no one?

Haſs. A troop of horſemen paſſed as I left the wood.

Saib. Horſemen, ſay you?—Then Kenric may be right. Earl Percy has diſcovered Angela's abode, and lurks near the Caſtle in hopes of carrying her off.

Haſs. His hopes then will be vain. Oſmond's vigilance will not eaſily be eluded—ſharpened by thoſe powerful motives, love and fear.

Saib. His love, I know; but ſhould he loſe Angela, what has he to fear?

Haſs: If Percy gains her, every thing. Supported by ſuch wealth and power, dangerous would be her claim to theſe domains ſhould her birth be diſcovered. Of this our Lord is aware: nor did he ſooner hear that Northumberland loved her, than he haſtened to remove her from Allan's care. At firſt I doubt his purpoſe was a foul one: her reſemblance to her mother induced him to change it. He is now reſolved to make her his bride, and reſtore to her thoſe rights of which himſelf deprived her.

Saib. Think you the Lady perceives that our Maſter loves her?

Haſs. I know ſhe does not. Abſorbed in her own paſſion for Percy, on Oſmond's ſhe beſtows no thought, and, while roving through theſe pompous halls and chambers, ſighs for the Cheviot Hills, and Allan's humble cottage.

Saib. But as ſhe ſtill believes Percy to be a low-born ſwain, when Oſmond lays his coronet at her feet, will ſhe reject his rank and ſplendour?

Haſs. If ſhe loves well, ſhe will. Saib, I too have loved! I have known how painful it was to leave her on whom my heart hung; how incapable was all elſe to ſupply her loſs! I have exchanged want for plenty, fatigue for reſt, a wretched hut for a ſplendid palace. But am I happier? Oh, no! Still do I regret my native land, and the partners of my poverty. Then toil was ſweet to me, for I laboured for

Samba; then repose ever blest my bed of leaves, for there by my side lay Samba sleeping.

Saib. This from you, Hassan?—Did love ever find a place in your flinty bosom?

Hass. Did it? Oh Saib, my heart once was gentle, once was good! But sorrows have broken it, insults have made it hard! I have been dragged from my native land, from a wife who was every thing to me, to whom I was every thing! Twenty years have elapsed since these Christians tore me away: they trampled upon my heart, mocked my despair, and, when in frantic terms I raved of Samba, laughed, and wondered how a negro's soul could feel! In that moment when the last point of Africa faded from my view, when as I stood on the vessels deck I felt that all I loved was to me lost for ever, in that bitter moment did I banish humanity from my breast. I tore from my arm the bracelet of Samba's hair, I gave to the sea the precious token, and, while the high waves swift bore it from me, vowed aloud endless hatred to mankind. I have kept my oath, I *will* keep it!

Saib. Ill-starred Hassan! your wrongs have indeed been great.

Hass. To remember them unmans me—Farewell, I must to Kenric. Hold,—look where he comes, from Osmond's chamber!

Saib. And seemingly in wrath.

Hass. His conferences with the Earl of late have had no other end. The period of his favour is arrived.

Saib. Not of his favour merely, Hassan.

Hass. How? Mean you that....

Saib. His anxiety for independence, his wish to withdraw himself from Wales—yet more, certain mysterious words and threats for some time past have made our Lord uneasy. By him was I this morning commissioned.... Silence! He's here! you shall know more anon.

Enter KENRIC.

Kenr. His promise ever evaded! My request still heard with impatience, and treated with neglect!—Osmond, I will bear your ingratitude no longer.—Now, Hassan, found you the man described?

Hass.

Haſs. Nor any that reſembled him.

Kenr. Yet, that I ſaw Percy, I am convinced: As I croſſed him in the wood, his eye met mine. He ſtarted as had he ſeen a baſiliſk, and fled with rapidity. Be on your guard, my friends! Doubtleſs he will attempt to gain admiſſion to the Caſtle.

Haſs. Can we be otherwiſe than watchful, when we ſee how well the Earl rewards his followers?

Saib. Of that, Kenric, you are an example. Have you obtained that recompence ſo long promiſed? Do you enjoy that independence which . . . . .

Kenr. Saib, the Earl's ingratitude cuts me to the heart! Attached to him from his infancy, I have long been his friend, long fancied him mine. The illuſion is now over. He ſees that I can ſerve him no further—knows that I can harm him much; therefore he fears, and, fearing, hates me! But I will ſubmit no longer to this painful dependence. To-morrow, for the laſt time, will I ſummon him to perform his promiſe: If he refuſes, I will bid him farewell for ever, and, by my abſence, free him from a reſtraint equally irkſome to myſelf and him.

Saib. Will you ſo, Kenrick?—Be ſpeedy then, or you will be too late.

Kenr. Too late! And wherefore?

Saib. You will ſoon receive the reward of your ſervices.

Kenr. Ha! Know you what that reward will be?

Saib. I gueſs, but may not tell.

Kenr. Is it a ſecret?

Saib. Can you keep one?

Kenr. Faithfully!

Saib. As faithfully can I. Come, Haſſan. [*Exeunt.*

Kenr. [*alone.*] What meant the ſlave? Thoſe doubtful expreſſions . . . . . Ha! ſhould the Earl intend me falſe . . . . . Kenric! Kenric! how is thy nature changed! There was a time when fear was a ſtranger to my boſom—when, guiltleſs myſelf, I dreaded not art in others. Now, where'er I turn me, danger appears to lurk; and I ſuſpect treachery in every breaſt, becauſe my own heart hides it. [*Exit.*

Enter Father PHILIP, *followed by* ALICE.

F. Phil. Nonſenſe!—You ſilly woman, what you ſay is not poſſible.

Alice. I never ſaid it was poſſible. I only ſaid it was true; and that if ever I heard muſic, I heard it laſt night.

F. Phil. Perhaps the fool was ſinging to the ſervants.

Alice. The fool indeed? Oh! fye! fye! How dare you call my Lady's ghoſt a fool?

F. Phil. Your Lady's ghoſt!—You ſilly old woman!

Alice. Yes, Father, yes: I repeat it, I heard the guitar lying upon the Oratory table play the very air which the Lady Evelina uſed to ſing while rocking her little daughter's cradle. She warbled it ſo ſweetly, and ever at the cloſe it went [*ſinging.*]

"Lullaby! Lullaby! huſh thee, my dear!
"Thy father is coming, and ſoon will be here!"

F. Phil. Nonſenſe! nonſenſe!—Why, pr'ythee, Alice, do you think that your Lady's ghoſt would get up at night only to ſing Lullaby for your amuſement?—Beſides, how ſhould a ſpirit, which is nothing but air, play upon an inſtrument of material wood and cat-gut?

Alice. How can I tell?—Why, I know very well that men are made; but if you deſired me to make a man, I vow and proteſt I ſhouldn't know how to ſet about it. I can only ſay, that laſt night I heard the ghoſt of my murdered Lady . . . . .

F. Phil.—Playing upon the ſpirit of a cracked guitar!—Alice! Alice! theſe fears are ridiculous! The idea of ghoſts is a vulgar prejudice; and they who are timid and abſurd enough to encourage it, prove themſelves the moſt contemptible——

Alice. [*ſcreaming.*] Oh! Lord bleſs us!

F. Phil. What?—Hey!—Oh! dear!

Alice. Look! look!—A figure in white!—It comes from the haunted room!

F. Phil. [*dropping on his knees.*] Bleſſed St. Patrick!—Who has got my beads? Where's my prayer book?

Alice. It comes!—it comes!—Now! now! Lack-a-day, it's only Lady Angela!

F. Phil.

F. Phil. [*riſing.*] Lack-a-day! I'm glad of it with all my heart.

Alice. Truly ſo am I.—But what ſay you now, Father, to the fear of ſpectres?

F. Phil. In good faith, Alice, that my theory was better than my practice. However, the next time that you are afraid of a ghoſt, remember and make uſe of the receipt which I ſhall now give you; and inſtead of calling for a prieſt to lay the ſpirits of other people in the red ſea, call for a bottle of red wine to raiſe your own. Probatum eſt. [*Exit.*

Alice. [*alone.*] Wine indeed!—I believe he thinks I like drinking as well as himſelf. No, no! Let the old toping friar take his bottle of wine; I ſhall confine myſelf to plain cherry brandy.

Enter ANGELA.

Ang. I am weary of wandering from room to room; in vain do I change the ſcene, diſcontent is every where. There was a time when muſic could delight my ear, and nature could charm my eye:—when, as the dawn unveiled the landſcape, each object that it diſcloſed to me looked pleaſant and fair; and while the laſt ſun-beams yet lingered on the weſtern ſky, I could pour forth a prayer of gratitude, and thank my good angels for a day unclouded by ſorrow.—Now all is gone, all loſt, all faded!

Alice. Lady!

Ang. Perhaps at this moment he thinks upon me! Perhaps he wanders on thoſe mountains where we ſo oft have ſtrayed, reclines on that bank where we ſo oft have ſat, or liſtens ſadly to the ſtarling which he taught to repeat my name. Perhaps then he ſighs, and murmurs to himſelf, "The flowers, the rivu-"lets, the birds, every object reminds me of my "well-beloved; but what ſhall remind her of Ed-"wy?"—Oh, that will my heart, Edwy; I need no other remembrance!

Alice. Lady! Lady Angela!—She minds me no more than a poſt.

Ang. Oh, are you there, good Alice? What would you with me?

Alice. Only to aſk how your Ladyſhip reſted?

Ang.

Ang. Ill, very ill!

Alice. Lack-a-day! and yet you ſleep in the beſt bed.

Ang. True, good Alice; but my heart's anguiſh ſtrewed thorns upon my couch of down.

Alice. Marry, I'm not ſurpriſed that you reſted ill in the Cedar room. Thoſe noiſes ſo near you——

Ang. What noiſes? I heard none.

Alice. How?—When the clock ſtruck one, heard you no muſic?

Ang. Muſic!—None.

Alice. And never have heard any while in the Cedar-room?

Ang. Not that!——Stay, now I remember that while I ſat alone in my chamber this morning——

Alice. Well, Lady, well!

Ang. Methought I heard ſome one ſinging; it ſeemed as if the words ran thus—[*ſinging.*]—"Lullaby! lullaby! Huſh thee, my dear!'

Alice. [*ſcreaming.*] The very words!—It was the ghoſt, Lady! it was the ghoſt!

Ang. The ghoſt, Alice!—I proteſt I thought it had been you.

Alice. Me, Lady!—Lord, when did you hear this ſinging?

Ang. Not five minutes ago, while you were talking with Father Philip.

Alice. The Lord be thanked!—Then it was not the ghoſt. It was I, Lady, it was I!—And have you heard no other ſinging ſince you came to the Caſtle?

Ang. None. But why that queſtion?

Alice. Becauſe, Lady——But perhaps you may be frightened?

Ang. No, no;—proceed, I entreat you!

Alice. Why then, they do ſay, that the chamber in which you ſleep is haunted. You may have obſerved two folding doors, which are ever kept locked: they lead to the Oratory, in which the Lady Evelina paſſed moſt of her time, while my Lord was engaged in the Scottiſh wars. She would ſit there, good ſoul, hour after hour, playing on the lute, and ſinging airs ſo ſweet, ſo ſad, that many a time and oft have I wept to hear her. Ah, when I kiſſed her hand at the Caſtle-gate, little did I ſuſpect that her fate would have been ſo wretched!

Ang.

Ang. And what was her fate?

Alice. A ſad one, Lady! Impatient to embrace her Lord, after a year's abſence, the Counteſs ſet out to meet him on his return from Scotland, accompanied by a few domeſtics and her infant daughter, then ſcarce a twelvemonth old. But, as ſhe returned with her huſband, robbers ſurpriſed the party ſcarce a mile from the Caſtle, and ſince that time no news has been received of the Earl, of the Counteſs, the ſervants, or the child.

Ang. Dreadful! Were not their corſes found?

Alice. Never! The only domeſtic who eſcaped pointed out the ſcene of action; and as it proved to be on the river's banks, doubtleſs the aſſaſſins plunged the bodies into the ſtream.

Ang. Strange! And did Earl Oſmond then become owner of this Caſtle?—Alice, was he ever ſuſpected of———

Alice. Speak lower, Lady! It was ſaid ſo, I own: but for my own part I never believed it. To my certain knowledge Oſmond loved the Lady Evelina too well to hurt her; and when he heard of her death, he wept, and ſobbed as if his heart were breaking. Nay, 'tis certain that he propoſed to her before marriage, and would have made her his wife, only that ſhe liked his brother better. Well ſhe might indeed, for Earl Reginald was a ſweeter gentleman by half.

Ang. And in that Oratory, you ſay—Good Alice, you have the key of it: Let me ſee that Oratory to-night.

Alice. To-night, Lady? Heaven preſerve me! I wouldn't enter it after dark for the world!

Ang. But before dark, Alice?

Alice. Before dark? Why that indeed—Well, well, we'll ſee, Lady. But I hope you're not alarmed by what I mentioned of the Cedar-room?

Ang. No, truly, Alice; from good ſpirits I have nothing to fear, and heaven and my innocence will protect me againſt bad.

Alice. My very ſentiments, I proteſt!—But Heaven forgive me, while I ſtand goſſiping here, I warrant all goes wrong in the kitchen! Your pardon, Lady: I muſt away! I muſt away! [*Exit.*

Ang.

Ang. [*muſing*] Oſmond was his brother's heir. His ſtrange demeanour!—Yes, in that gloomy brow is written a volume of villainy.—Heavenly powers! an aſſaſſin then is maſter of my fate!—An aſſaſſin too who——I dare not bend my thoughts that way!—— Oh! would I had never entered theſe Caſtle-walls! —had never exchanged for fearful pomp the ſecurity of my pleaſures—the tranquillity of my ſoul!

Return, return, ſweet Peace! and o'er my breaſt
Spread thy bright wings, diſtil thy balmy reſt,
And teach my ſteps thy realms among to rove;
Wealth and the world reſign'd, nought mine but love.
Ah, ceaſe thy ſuit, fond girl! thy prayer is vain
For thus did Love his tyrant law ordain.
——"Peace ſtill muſt fly that heart where *I* ſtill reign."

[*Exit.*

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Armoury.—Suits of Armour are arranged on both Sides upon Pedeſtals, with the Names of their Poſſeſſors written under each.*

Enter MOTLEY, *peeping in.*

THE coaſt is clear!—Hiſt! Hiſt!—You may enter.

Enter PERCY.

Percy. Loiter not here!—Quick, my good fellow!—Conduct me to Angela!

Motl. Softly, ſoftly! A little caution is needful; and I promiſe you juſt now I'm not upon roſes.—You remember the ſervant who hinted that Earl Oſmond had an hand in his brother's murder?—Should I be ſuſpected of admitting you to the Caſtle, his fate might be mine; and whatever you may think of it, my Lord, I ſhouldn't be at all pleaſed at waking to-morrow morning, to find myſelf dead in my bed.

Percy. If ſuch are your fears, why not lead me at once to Angela? Are we not more expoſed in this open hall?

Motl.

Motl. Be contented, and leave all to me: I will contrive matters so that Osmond shall have you before his eyes, and be no jot the wiser.—Here!—[*Taking down a suit of armour*]—Put on this coat of mail: you must make up your mind to play a statue for an hour or two.

Percy. How?

Motl. Nay, 'tis absolutely necessary.—Quick! quick! ere the servants quit the hall where they are now at dinner.——Here's the helmet!—the gauntlet!—the shield!—So now take this truncheon in your hand; and there we have you armed cap-a-pee!

Percy. And now be good enough to explain what purposes this masquerade is to answer.

Motl. Willingly. You are to know, that since the late Earl's death the Castle is thought to be haunted: the servants are fully persuaded that his ghost wanders every night through the long galleries, and parades the old towers and dreary halls which abound in this melancholy mansion. He is supposed to be dressed in complete armour; and that which you wear at present was formerly his. Now hear my plan: The Earl prepares to hold a conference with Lady Angela; even now I heard her summoned to attend him in the Armoury. Placed upon this pedestal you may listen to their discourse unobserved, and thus form a proper judgment both of your mistress and her guardian. As soon as it grows dark I will conduct you to Angela's apartments: the obscurity will then shelter you from discovery; and even should you be observed, you will pass for Earl Reginald's spectre.

Percy. I do not dislike your plan: but tell me, Gilbert, do you believe this tale of the apparition?

Motl. Oh! Heaven forbid! Not a word of it. Had I minded all the strange things related of this Castle, I should have died of fright in the first half hour. Why, they say that Earl Hubert rides every night round the Castle on a white horse; that the ghost of Lady Bertha haunts the west pinnacle of the Chapel Tower; and that Lord Hildebrand, who was condemned for treason some sixty years ago, may be seen in the Great Hall, regularly at midnigth, playing at foot-ball with his own head! Above all, they say that

the ſpirit of the late Counteſs ſits nightly in her Oratory, and ſings her baby to ſleep! However, if it be ſo—[*A bell ſounds thrice loud and ſolemn.*]—Hark! 'tis the Earl!—Quick to your poſt!—[Percy *aſcends the pedeſtal.*]—Farewell! I muſt get out of his way; but as ſoon as he quits this chamber I'll rejoin you.

Percy. Do ſo; and farewell. [*Exit* Motley.

[*The folding doors are thrown open*: Saib, Haſſan, Muley *and* Alaric *enter, preceding* Earl Oſmond, *who walks with his arms folded, and his eyes bent upon the ground.* Saib *advances a ſopha, into which, after making a few turns through the room,* Oſmond *throws himſelf. He motions to his attendants, and they withdraw. He appears loſt in thought; then ſuddenly riſes, and again traverſes the room with diſordered ſteps.*]

Oſm. I will not ſacrifice my happineſs to hers! For ſixteen long years have I thirſted; and now when the cup of joy again ſtands full before me, ſhall I daſh it from my lip? No, Angela, you aſk of me too much. Since the moment when I pierced her heart, deprived of whom life became odious; ſince my ſoul was ſtained with his blood who loved me, with hers whom I loved, no form has been grateful to my eye, no voice ſpoken pleaſure to my ſoul, ſave Angela's, ſave only Angela's! Doting upon one whom death has long claſped in his arms; tortured by deſires which I never hoped to ſatisfy, many a mournful year has my heart known no throb but of anguiſh, no gueſt but remorſe at committing a fruitleſs crime. Hope, that ſtaanger, once more reviſits my boſom: the fiend, who led me through paſſion's mazes to the heights of guilt, owns that a crime ſo great well merits a reward. He bids the monument's jaws uncloſe: Evelina revives in her daughter, and ſoon ſhall the fires which conſume me be quenched in Angela's arms. What though her heart be Percy's? What though ſhe prefer a baſiliſk's kiſs to mine? Becauſe my ſhort lived joy may cauſe her eternal ſorrow, ſhall I reject thoſe pleaſures ſought ſo long, deſired ſo earneſtly? That will I not, by Heaven! Mine ſhe is, and mine ſhe ſhall be, though Reginald's bleeding ghoſt flit before me, and thunder in my ear—"Hold! Hold!"—Peace, ſtormy heart! She comes! —*Enter*

Enter ANGELA.

Oſm. [*in a ſoftened voice.*] Come hither, Angela. Wherefore ſo ſad? That downcaſt eye, that liſtleſs air, neither ſuit your age or fortunes. Raiſed from obſcurity to rank and ſplendour, can this change call no ſmile upon your cheek? Where're you turn, reſpect and adoration wait you; a thouſand ſervants move obedient to your nod. The treaſures of India are laviſhed to adorn your perſon; yet ſtill do I ſee you forgetting what you are, look back with regret to what you were!

Ang. Oh! my good Lord, eſteem me not ungrateful! I acknowledge your bounties, but they have not made me happy. I ſtill linger in thought near thoſe ſcenes where I paſſed the bleſſed period of infancy; I ſtill thirſt for thoſe ſimple pleaſures which habit has made to me moſt dear. The birds which my own hands reared, and the flowers which my own hands planted; the banks on which I reſted when fatigued, the wild tangled wood which ſupplied me with ſtrawberries, and the village church where I prayed to be virtuous, while I yet knew of vice and virtue but the name, all have acquired rights to my memory and my love!

Oſm. What? theſe coſtly dreſſes, theſe ſcenes of pomp and greatneſs——

Ang. Dazzle my eyes, but leave my heart unſatisfied. What I would meet with is affection, not reſpect; I had rather be obliged than obeyed; and all theſe glittering gems are far leſs dear to me, than one flower of a wreath which Edwy's hands have woven.

Oſm. Confuſion!

Ang. While I ſaw you, Cheviot Hills, I was happy, Oh! how happy! While I liſtened to your artleſs accents, friends of my childhood, how ſwelled my fond heart with gratitude and pleaſure! At morn when I left my bed, light were my ſpirits, and gay as the zephyrs of ſummer; and when at night my head again preſſed my pillow, I whiſpered to myſelf, "Happy has been to-day, and to-morrow will be as happy!" Then ſweet was my ſleep; and my dreams were of thoſe whom I loved deareſt.

Ofm. Romantic enthuſiaſt! Theſe thoughts did well for the village maid, but diſgrace the daughter of Sir Malcolm Mowbray: Let them be changed for others, better ſuited to your birth, to the fortune which awaits you. Hear me, Angela; an Engliſh baron loves you, a nobleman than whom our iſland boaſts few more potent. 'Tis to him that your hand is deſtined, 'tis on him that your heart muſt be beſtowed.

Ang. I cannot diſpoſe of that which has long been another's—My heart is Edwy's.

Ofm. Edwy's? A peaſant's?

Ang. For the obſcurity of his birth chance muſt be blamed: the merit of his virtues belongs wholly to himſelf.

Ofm. By Heaven, you ſeem to think that poverty is a virtue!

Ang. Sir, I think 'tis a misfortune, not a crime: And when in ſpite of nature's injuſtice, and the frowns of a prejudiced and illiberal world, I ſee ſome low born but illuſtrious ſpirit prove itſelf ſuperior to the ſtation which it fills, I hail it with pleaſure, with admiration, with reſpect! Such a ſpirit I found in Edwy, and, finding, loved!

Ofm. My blood boils with paſſion!

Ang. You ſay, that by theſe ſentiments I diſgrace my rank, I ſay, that to break my given word would diſgrace it more. Edwy has my plighted faith: He received it on the laſt evening which I paſſed in Northumberland, as we ſat on a low bench before old Allan's cottage. It was an heavenly night, ſweet and tranquil as the loves of angels: A gentle breeze whiſpered among the honeyſuckles which bloomed above us, and the full moon tinged with her ſilver light the diſtant towers of Alnwic. It was then that for the firſt time I gave him my hand, and I ſwore that I never would give it but to him! It was then that for the firſt time he preſſed his lips to mine, and I ſwore that my lips ſhould never be preſſed by another!

Ofm. Girl! girl! you drive me to diſtraction!

Ang. You alarm me, my Lord! Permit me to retire.—[*Going, Oſmond detains her violently by the arm.*]

Ofm.

Osm. Stay!—[*in a softer tone.*] Angela, I love you!

Ang. [*starting.*] My Lord!

Osm. [*passionately.*] Love you to madness!—My bosom is a gulph of devouring flames! I must quench them in your arms, or perish!—Nay, strive not to escape: remain, and hear me. I offer you my hand: if you accept it, mistress of these fair and rich domains, your days shall glide away in happiness and honour; but if you refuse and scorn my offer, force shall this instant———

Ang. Force? Oh, no!—You dare not be so base!

Osm. Reflect on your situation, Angela; you are in my power—remember it, and be wise.

Ang. If you have a generous mind, that will be my surest safeguard. Be it my plea, Osmond, when thus I sue to you for mercy, for protection! Look on me with pity Osmond! 'Tis the daughter of the man you loved, 'tis a creature, friendless, wretched, and forlorn, who kneels before you, who flies to you for refuge! True, I am in your power: Then save me, respect me, treat me not cruelly; for—I am in your power!

Osm. I will hear no more. Will you accept my offer?

Ang. Osmond, I conjure you———

Osm. Answer my question!

Ang. Mercy! Mercy!

Osm. Will you be mine?—Speak! Speak!

Ang. [*after a moment's pause, rises, and pronounces with firmness.*] Never, so help me Heaven!

Osm. [*seizing her.*] Your fate then is decided! [*Angela shrieks.*]

Percy. [*in a hollow voice*]—Hold!

Osm. [*starts, but still grasps Angela's arm.*]—Ha! What was that?

Ang. [*struggling to escape.*] Hark! Hark!—Heard you not a voice?

Osm. [*gazing on Percy.*]—It came from hence!—From Reginald!—Was it not a delusion?—Did indeed his spirit———[*relapsing into his former passion.*] Well, be it so! Though his ghost should rush between us, thus would I clasp her———Horror! What sight is this?—[*At the moment that he again seizes* Angela, Percy *extends his truncheon with a menacing ges-*

ture, and descends from the Pedestal. Osmond *releases* Angela, *who immediately rushes from the chamber, while* Percy *advances a few steps and remains gazing on the* Earl *stedfastly.*] I know that shield! that helmet!—Speak to me, dreadful vision!—Tax me with my crimes!—Tell me that you come—Stay! Speak!—[*Following* Percy, *who, when he reaches the door through which* Angela *escaped, turns, and signs to him with his hand.* Osmond *starts back in terror.*]—He forbids my following!—He leaves me!—The door closes—[*in a sudden burst of passion, and drawing his sword*]—Hell and fiends! I'll follow him, though lightnings blast me!——[*He rushes distractedly from the chamber.**]

SCENE II.—*The Castle-Hall.*

Enter ALICE.

Alice. Here's rudeness! Here's ill breeding! On my conscience, this house grows worse and worse every day!

Enter MOTLEY.

Motl. What can he have done with himself? Perhaps weary of waiting for me in the Armoury, he has found his way alone to Angela. How now, dame Alice, what has happened to you? You look angry.

Alice. By my troth, fool, I've little reason to look pleased. To be frightened out of my wits by night, and thumped and bumped about by day, is not likely to put one in the best humour.

Motl. Poor soul! and who has been thumping and bumping you?

Alice. Who has? You should rather ask, who has not.—Why only hear:—As I was just now going along the narrow passage which leads to the Armoury—singing to myself, and thinking of nothing, I met Lady Angela flying away, as if for dear life!—So I

* When I wrote the foregoing scene, I really believed the invention to be entirely my own: But the situations of Angela, Osmond and Percy, so closely resemble those of Isabella, Manfred, and the animated portrait in The Castle of Otranto, that I am convinced the idea must have been suggested to me by that beautiful Romance.—Wherever I can trace my plagiarisms, whether wilful or involuntary, I shall continue to point them out to the reader without reserve.

dropp'd her a curtſey—but might as well have ſpared my pains. Without minding me any more than if I had been a dog or a cat—ſhe puſhed me on one ſide; and before I could recover my balance, ſomebody elſe, who came bouncing by me, gave me t'other thump—and there I lay ſprawling upon the floor. However, I tumbled with all poſſible decency, and took great care that my petticoats ſhould cover my legs.

Motl. Somebody elſe! What ſomebody elſe?

Alice. I know not—but he ſeemed to be in armour.

Motl. In armour? Pray, Alice, looked he like a ghoſt?

Alice. What he looked like, I cannot ſay;—but I'm ſure he didn't feel like one: However, you've not heard the worſt. While I was ſprawling upon the ground, my Lord comes tearing along the paſſage—The firſt thing he did was to ſtumble againſt me—away went his heels—over he came—and in the twinkling of an eye there lay his Lordſhip! As ſoon as he got up again—Mercy, how he ſtormed!—He ſnatched me up—called me an ugly old witch—ſhook the breath out of my body—then clapped me on the ground again, and bounced away after the other two!

Motl. My mind miſgives me!—But what can this mean, Alice?

Alice. The meaning I neither know, or care about;—but this I know—I'll ſtay no longer in an houſe where I am treated ſo diſreſpectfully. "My Lady!"—ſays I—"Out of my way!"—ſays ſhe, and puſhes me on one ſide.—"My Lord,"—ſays I—"You be damned!"—ſays he, and puſhes me on t'other!—I proteſt I never was ſo ill uſed, even when I was a young woman! [*Exit.*

Motl. This account alarms me!—Should Percy be diſcovered—The very thought gives me a creak in my neck! At any rate I had better enquire whether—[*going.*]

Enter Father PHILIP *haſtily.*

F. Phil. [*ſtopping him.*] Get out of the houſe!—That's your way!

Motl. Why, what's the meaning——

F. Phil. Don't ſtand prating here, but do as I bid you.

Motl. But firſt tell me———

F. Phil. I can only tell you to get out of the houſe, Kenric has diſcovered Earl Percy—You are known to have introduced him—The Africans are in ſearch of you—If you are found, you will be hung out of hand. Fly then to Edric's cottage—hide yourſelf there!—Hark,—ſome one comes! Away, away, ere it is too late!——[*puſhing him out.*]

Motl. [*confuſed*] But Earl Percy—But Angela——

F. Phil. Leave them to me. You ſhall hear from me ſoon. Only take care of yourſelf, and fly with all diligence!—Away! [*Exit* Motley.

F. Phil. [*alone.*] So, ſo, he's off, and now I've time to take breath. I've not moved ſo nimbly for the laſt twenty years; and, in truth, I'm at preſent but ill calculated for velocity of motion. However, my exertions have not been thrown away: I've ſaved this poor knave from Oſmond's vengeance—and ſhould my plan for the Lady's releaſe ſucceed—Poor little ſoul—To ſee how ſhe took on, when Percy was torn from her! Well, well, ſhe ſhall be reſcued from her tyrant. The moveable pannels—the ſubterraneous paſſages—the ſecret ſprings well known to me—Oh, I cannot fail of ſucceſs: But in order to ſecure it, I'll finally arrange my ideas in the Buttery. Whenever I've any great deſign in hand, I always aſk advice of a flaggon of ale, and mature my plan over a cold veniſon paſty. Oh, what an excellent genius muſt that man have had, who firſt invented eating and drinking! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A ſpacious Chamber: On one Side is a Couch; on the other a Table, which is placed under an arched and lofty Window.*

Enter OSMOND, *followed by* SAIB, HASSAN, MULEY *and* ALARIC, *who conduct* PERCY *diſarmed.*

Oſm. This, Sir, is your priſon; but doubtleſs, your confinement will not continue long. The moment which gives me Angela's hand ſhall reſtore you to liberty; and, till that moment arrives, farewell.

Percy.

Percy. Stay, Sir, and hear me!—By what authority preſume you to call me captive?—Have you forgotten that you ſpeak to Northumberland's Earl?

Oſm. Well may I forget him, who could ſo far forget himſelf. Was it worthy of Northumberland's Earl to ſteal diſguiſed into my Caſtle, and plot with my ſervant to rob me of my moſt precious treaſure?

Percy. Mine was that treaſure—You deprived me of it baſely, and I was juſtified in ſtriving to regain my own.

Oſm. Earl, nothing can juſtify unworthy means. If you were wronged, why ſought you not your right with your ſword's point? I then ſhould have eſteemed you a noble foe, and as ſuch would have treated you: But you have ſtooped to paltry artifice, and attacked me like ſome midnight ruffian, privately, and in diſguiſe. By this am I authorized to forget your ſtation, and make your penance as degrading as your offence was baſe.

Percy. If ſuch are indeed your ſentiments, prove them now. Reſtore my ſword, unſheathe your own, and be Angela the conqueror's reward!

Oſm. No, Earl Percy!—I am not ſo raſh a gameſter as to ſuffer that caſt to be recalled, by which the ſtake is mine already. Angela is in my power: The only man who could wreſt her from my arms, has wilfully made himſelf my captive: Such he is, and ſuch he ſhall remain.

Percy. Inſulting tyrant! Your cowardice in refuſing my challenge proves ſufficiently——

Oſm. Be calm, Earl Percy!—You forget yourſelf. That I am no coward, my ſword has proved in the fields of Scotland.—My ſword ſhall again prove it, if, when you are reſtored to liberty, you ſtill queſtion the courage of my heart! Angela once mine, repeat your defiance, nor doubt my anſwering.

Percy. Angela thine?—That ſhe ſhall never be! There are angels above who favour virtue, and the hour of retribution muſt one day arrive!—[*throws himſelf upon the couch.*]

Oſm. But long ere the arrival of that hour ſhall Angela have been my bride; and now farewell, Lord Percy!——Muley and Saib!

Both.

Both. My Lord!

Osm. To your charge I commit the Earl; quit not this apartment, nor ſuffer him for one moment from your ſight.

Saib and *Muley.* My Lord, we ſhall obey you.

Osm. [*aſide.*] If ſhe refuſe me ſtill, the death of this, her favourite—His death! Oh! through what bloody paths do I wander in purſuit of happineſs! Yes, I am guilty!—Heaven! how guilty! Yet lies the fault with me? Did my own pleaſure plant in my boſom theſe tempeſtuous paſſions? No! they were given me at my birth; they were ſucked in with my exiſtence! Nature formed me the ſlave of wild deſires; and Fate, as ſhe frowned upon my cradle, exclaimed, "I doom this babe to be a villain and a wretch *!"

[*Exit, followed by* Haſſan *and* Alaric, *who lock the door after them.*]

Saib. Look, Muley, how bitterly he frowns!

Muley. Now he ſtarts from the ſopha!—'Faith he's in a monſtrous fury!

Saib. That may well be:—When you mean to take in other people, it is certainly provoking to be taken in yourſelf.

Percy. [*after walking a few turns with a diſordered air, ſuddenly ſtops*]—He is gone to Angela! Gone, perhaps, to renew that outrage whoſe completion my preſence alone prevented! Helpleſs and unprotected, with no friend but innocence—no advocates ſave tears—how will ſhe now repel his violence!

Muley. Now he's in a deep ſtudy:—Marry, if he ſtudies himſelf out of this Tower, he's a cleverer fellow than I take him for.

Percy. Were I not Oſmond's captive, all might yet be well. Summoning my vaſſals, who by this time muſt be near at hand, forcing the Caſtle, and tearing

* Having had good opportunities of knowing how wonderful are the talents for miſinterpretation poſſeſſed by certain perſons, I think it neceſſary to obſerve to my readers, that the foregoing ſpeech is not meant to contain a moral ſentiment, but to diſplay the falſe reaſoning of a guilty conſcience—If I were not to make this explanation, I ſhould expect to ſee it aſſerted that the whole Play was meant to inculcate the doctrine of Fatality.

Angela

Angels from the arms of her tyrant——Alas! my captivity has rendered this plan impracticable! Eternal curſes upon Gilbert, who perſuaded me to adopt this artifice!—Curſes on my own raſh folly, which has thrown me thus defenceleſs in the power of my foe!

Muley. That's right:—another ſtamp or two, and the Tower comes rattling about our ears.

Percy. And are there then no hopes of liberty?

Saib. He fixes his eyes on us.

Percy. Might not theſe fellows—I can but try—Now ſtand my friend, thou maſter-key to human hearts!—Aid me thou potent devil, gold!—Hear me, my worthy friends!—Come nearer!

Saib. His worthy friends!—Are we ſuch, Muley?

Muley. Yes truly, are we—for friends in need are friends indeed:—Marry, if he were not in need, he would call us his mortal foes.

Percy. My good fellows, you are charged with a diſagreeable office, and to obey a tyrant's mandates cannot be pleaſant to you; there is ſomething in your looks which has prejudiced me too much in your favour to believe it poſſible.

Saib. Nay, there is certainly ſomething in our appearance highly prepoſſeſſing.

Muley. And I knew that you muſt admire the delicacy of our complexions!

Percy. The tincture of your ſkin, my good fellow, is of little conſequence: Many a worthy heart beats within a duſky boſom, and I am convinced that ſuch an heart inhabits yours; for your looks tell me that you feel for, and are anxious to relieve, my ſufferings.—See you this purſe, my friends?

Muley. It's too far off, and I'm ſhort-ſighted.—If you'll put it a little nearer——

Percy. Reſtore me to liberty—and not this purſe alone, but ten times its value ſhall be yours.

Saib. To liberty?

Muley. That purſe?

Saib. Muley!

Muley. Saib!

Percy. [*aſide.*] By all my hopes, they heſitate!—You well know, that my wealth and power are equal, not to ſay ſuperior, to Earl Oſmond's: Releaſe me from

from my dungeon, and ſhare that power and wealth?—On the events of to-day depends my life's future happineſs, nay perhaps my life itſelf: Judge then, if you aſſiſt me, how great will be the ſervice rendered me, and believe that your reward ſhall equal my obligation.

Saib. I know not what to anſwer.

Muley. In truth, my Lord, your offers are ſo generous, and that purſe ſo tempting——Saib, what ſay you?—[*winking to him.*]

Saib. The Earl ſpeaks ſo well, and promiſes ſo largely, that I own I'm ſtrangely tempted——

Muley. Look you, Saib; will you ſtand by me?

Saib. [*after a moment's thought.*] I will.

Muley. There's my hand then.—My Lord, we are your ſervants.

Percy. This is beyond my hopes!—A thouſand thanks, my worthy fellows!—Be aſſured that the performance of *my* promiſes ſhall ſoon follow the execution of yours.

Saib. Of that we make no doubt.

Percy. You agree then to releaſe me?

Muley. 'Tis impoſſible to do otherwiſe; for I feel that pity, generoſity, and every moral feeling command me to trouble your Lordſhip for that purſe.

Percy. There it is.——And now unlock the door.

Muley. [*chinking the purſe.*] *Here* it is!—And now I'm obliged to you. As for your promiſes, my Lord, pray don't trouble yourſelf to remember them, as I ſha'n't trouble myſelf to remember mine.

Percy. [*ſtarting.*] Ha!—What mean you?

Saib. [*firmly.*] Earl, that we are faithful.

Muley. I wonder you didn't read that too in our amiable looks!

Percy. What! will you not keep your word?

Muley. In good truth, no; we mean to keep nothing—except the purſe.

Percy. Perfidious villains!

Saib. You miſtake us, Sir;—we cannot be villains, for I, you know, am your Lordſhip's "worthy friend!"

Muley. And I your Lordſhip's unworthy penſioner!

Percy.

Percy. Confuſion!—To be made the jeſt of ſuch raſcals!

Saib. Earl Percy, we are none;—but we ſhould have been, could your gold have bribed us to betray our maſter. We have but done our duty—you have but gained your juſt reward; for they who ſeek to deceive others, ſhould ever be deceived themſelves.

Percy. Silence, fellow!—Leave me to my thoughts!—[*throwing himſelf paſſionately upon the couch.*]

Muley. Oh! with all our hearts! We aſk no better.

Saib. Muley, we ſhare that purſe?

Muley. Undoubtedly: Sit down, and examine its contents.—[*They ſeat themſelves on the floor in the front of the ſtage.*]

Percy. How unfortunate, that the only merit of theſe villains ſhould be fidelity!—No hope now is left! Angela is loſt, and with her my happineſs!

CHORUS OF VOICES [*ſinging without.*]

"Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!"

Muley. Hark!—What's that?

Saib. I'll ſee. [*mounting upon the table*]—This window is ſo high——

Muley. Here, here! Take this chair.—[Saib *places the chair upon the table, and thus lifts himſelf to a level with the window which he opens.*]

SONG AND CHORUS.

MOTLEY [*ſinging without*] Sleep you, or wake you, Lady bright?
CHORUS. [*without.*] Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
MOTLEY. — Now is the fitteſt time for flight.
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
MOTLEY. — Know, from your tyrant father's power
Beneath the window of your tower
A boat now waits to ſet you free;
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Percy.—[*who has half raiſed himſelf from the couch during the latter part of the Song, and liſtened attentively.*]—Surely I know that voice!

Muley. Now, what's the matter?

Saib. A boat lies at the foot of the tower, and the fiſhermen ſing while they draw their nets.

Percy. I could not be miſtaken:—it was Gilbert!

Saib.

Saib. Hark!—They begin again!——

SECOND STANZA.

MOTLEY. — Though deep the ſtream, though high the wall,
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
MOTLEY. — The danger, truſt me, Love, is ſmall;
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
MOTLEY. — To ſpring below then never dread;
My arms to catch you ſhall be ſpread;
And far from hence you ſoon ſhall be,
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Percy. I underſtand him!—He bids me——Yet the danger——What courſe to purſue?

Muley. Pr'ythee, come down, Saib; I long to divide the purſe——

Saib. Stay a moment: one more ſtanza, and I'm with you. Now, ſilence!

THIRD STANZA.

MOTLEY. — Fair Emma huſhed her heart's alarm;
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
MOTLEY. — She ſprang into her Lover's arms,
CHORUS. — Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!
MOTLEY. — Unhurt ſhe fell; then ſwift its way
The boat purſued without delay,
While Emma placed on Edgar's knee
CHORUS. — Sang "Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!"
Sing Megen-oh! Oh! Megen-Ee!

Muley. Will you never quit that window?

Saib. [*ſhutting it, and deſcending.*] Here I am, and now for the purſe!—[*They reſume their ſeats upon the ground;* Saib *opens the purſe, and begins to reckon the gold.*]——

Percy. Yes, I muſt brave the danger—I will feign to ſleep: and when my gaolers are off their guard, then aid me, bleſt Providence!—[*extending himſelf upon the couch.*]

Saib. Hold, Muley!—What if, inſtead of ſharing the purſe, we throw for its contents? Here are dice.

Muley. With all my heart:—And look! to paſs our time the better, here's a bottle of the beſt ſack in the Earl's cellar.

Saib.

Saib. Good! Good!—And now, be this angel the ſtake!—But, firſt, what is our priſoner doing?

Muley. Oh! he ſleeps; mind him not.—Come, come—Throw!

Saib. Here goes—Nine!——Now to you.

Muley. Nine too!—Double the ſtake.

Saib. Agreed! and the throw is mine.—Hark!—What noiſe?——[*During this dialogue,* Percy *has approached the table in ſilence; at the moment that he prepares to mount it,* Saib *looks round, and* Percy *haſtily throws himſelf back upon the couch.*]

Muley. Oh!—Nothing, nothing!

Saib. Methought I heard the Earl——

Muley. Mere fancy!—You ſee he is ſleeping ſoundly. Come, come—Throw!

Saib. There then—Eleven!

Muley. That's bad—Huzza!—Sixes!

Saib. Plague on your fortune!—Come! Double or quits!

Muley. Be it ſo, and I throw.—Zounds!—Only Five!

Saib. Then I think this hit muſt be mine—Aces, by heavens!

Muley. Ha! Ha! Ha! Your health, friend!

Percy.—[*who has again reached the table, mounted the chair, and, opening the window, now ſtands at it, and ſigns to the men below*]—They ſee me, and extend a cloth beneath the window!—'Tis a fearful height!

Saib. Do you mean to empty the bottle?—Come, come—Give it me.

Muley. Take it blunder head!——[*Saib drinks.*]

Percy. They encourage me to venture!—Now then, or never!—[*Aloud*] Angels of bliſs, protect me!—[*He throws himſelf from the window.**]——

* This incident has been cried out againſt by many people as being improbable; and ſome have gone ſo far as to term it impoſſible. To this I can only anſwer, with Alice in the Firſt Act—"I never ſaid it was poſſible, I only ſaid it's true!"—This incident was furniſhed me by the German Hiſtory, in which it appears, that a certain Landgrave of Thurigia, being condemned to death, made his eſcape by taking ſo deſperate a leap from the window of his priſon, that he was afterward known

Muley and Saib—[*ſtarting at the noiſe.*]—Hell and Furies!

Saib—[*daſhes down the bottle, and climbs to the window haſtily, while* Muley *remains below in an attitude of ſurprize.*]—Eſcaped! Eſcaped!

Percy, Motley, &c. [*without.*]——Huzza! huzza! huzza!

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A View of the River* Conway, *with a Fiſherman's Hut.—Sun-ſet.*

Enter ALLAN *and* EDRIC.

Allan.

STILL they come not!—Dear, dear, ſtill they come not!—Ah! theſe tumults are too much for my old body to bear.

Edric. Then you ſhould have kept your old body at home. 'Tis a fine thing truly for a man of your age to be galloping about the country after a girl, who, by your own account, is neither your chick nor child!

Allan. Ah! ſhe was more to me! She was my all, Edric, my all!—How could I bear my home when it no longer was the home of Angela? How could I reſt in my cottage at night when her ſweet lips had not kiſſed me—and murmured, "Father, ſleep well!"—She is ſo good! ſo gentle!—I was ſick once, ſick almoſt to death! Angela was then my nurſe and comforter: She watched me when I ſlept, and cheered me when I woke: ſhe rejoiced when I grew better; and when I grew worſe, no medicine gave me eaſe

known throughout Germany by the name of "Ludwig the Springer."—There is a German Play on this ſubject, whence I borrowed the idea of making the gaolers play at dice; and Motley's Song bears ſome reſemblance to an incident in Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

like

like the tears of pity which fell on my burning cheeks from the eyes of my darling.

Edric. Tears of pity indeed! A little rhubarb would have done you more good by half.—But our people ſtay a long time. Perhaps Motley has been diſcovered and ſeized; if ſo, he will loſe his life, the Earl his freedom, Angela her lover, and, what's worſt of all, I ſhall loſe my boat. I wiſh I hadn't lent it, for I doubt that Motley's ſcheme has failed.

Allan. I hope not—Oh, I hope not! Should Percy remain a captive, Angela will be left unprotected in your wicked Lord's power—Oh, that will break my old wife's heart for certain!

Edric. And if it ſhould break it, a mighty misfortune truly!—Zounds, Maſter Allan, any wife is at beſt a bad thing: a poor one makes matters get worſe; but when ſhe's old, Lord, 'tis the very devil!

Allan. Hark! Hark! Do you hear?——'Tis the ſound of oars!—They are our friends!—Oh, Heavens be thanked! the Earl is with them.

[*A boat appears with* Percy, Motley, *and ſoldiers diſguiſed as fiſhermen. They land.*]

Percy. [*ſpringing on ſhore.*]——Once more then I breathe the air of liberty.—Worthy Gilbert, what words can ſuffice to thank you?

Motl. None—therefore do not waſte your breath in the attempt. You are ſafe, thanks to St. Peter and the Blanket! and your Lady's deliverance now demands all your thoughts.—Ha, who is that with Edric?

Percy. Allan, by all my hopes!—Welcome, welcome, good old man!—Say, came my vaſſals with you?

Allan. Three hundred choſen men are within the ſound of your bugle. They ſcarce gave me time to ſignify your orders, ere they ſat in their ſaddles; and as I would needs come with them, Heaven forgive them for it, they put me on an hard-trotting horſe! Marry, he ſhook me rarely! he has almoſt broken my old bones: but that matters little; my heart would have been broken had I ſtaid behind.—But now, my Lord, tell me of Angela. Is ſhe well? Did you ſpeak to her? and ſpeaks ſhe ſometimes of me?

Percy. She is well, my old friend, and I have ſpoken to her—though but for a moment. Scarce had I time to confeſs to her my rank, when Kenric, whoſe ſuſpicious eye had penetrated my diſguiſe, forced me from her preſence. But be comforted, good Allan, ſhould other means fail, I will this very night attack the Caſtle, and compel Oſmond to reſign his prey.

Allan. Heaven grant that you may ſucceed!—Let me but once ſee Angela your bride—let me but once hear her ſay the ſweet words, "Allan, I am happy!" then I and my old wife will ſeek our graves, lay us down, and die with pleaſure!

Motl. Die with pleaſure, you ſilly old man! you ſhall do nothing ſo ridiculous: You ſhall live a great many years; and, inſtead of lying down in your grave, we'll ruck you up warm with your old wife in the beſt down-bed of Alnwic Caſtle.—But now let us talk of our affairs, which, if I miſtake not, are in the high-road to ſucceſs.

Percy. How? Has any intelligence reached you of your ally, the Friar?

Motl. You have gueſſed it. As it paſſed beneath his window, the pious porpus contrived to drop this letter into the boat. Its contents muſt needs be of conſequence; for, I aſſure you, it comes from one of the greateſt men in England. Pray examine it, my Lord, I never can read when the wind's eaſterly.

Percy. I believe, Gilbert, were it northerly you would be no jot the wiſer: I remember that many a ſound ſtick did our preceptor break upon your back in vain; and before you had learned to ſpell, your ſchooling had coſt my father a foreſt.

Motl. [*while* Percy *reads.*] Nay, if learning could have been beaten into me, by this time I ſhould be a prodigious ſcholar.—To do him juſtice, Father Benjamin had a moſt inſtructive jirk with his arm, and frequently uſed arguments ſo forcible when pointing out my faults, that many a time and oft has he brought tears into my eyes: Then I generally felt ſo penitent, and ſo low, that I was obliged to ſteal his brandy-bottle in order to recover my ſpirits.—Well, Sir, what ſays the letter?

Percy. Liſten.—"I have recogniſed you in ſpite of your

your diſguiſe, and ſeized the opportunity to adviſe your exerting yourſelf ſolely to obtain Earl Percy's liberty. Heed not Angela: I have ſure and eaſy means for procuring her eſcape; and before the clock ſtrikes two, you may expect me with her at the fiſherman's hut. Farewell, and rely upon Father Philip."——Now, Gilbert, what ſay you? May the monk's fidelity be truſted?

Motl. His fidelity may undoubtedly; but whether his ſucceſs will equal his good intentions is a point which time alone can decide. Should it not——

Percy. Then with my faithful vaſſals will I ſtorm the Caſtle to-morrow.

Allan. What, ſtorm the Caſtle?—Oh! no, no! My darling never ſaw a bird die but ſhe wept; then how will ſhe bear to look on, when men periſh?

Percy. Be aſſured, old man, that nothing, ſave invincible neceſſity, ſhall induce me to bathe my hands in the blood of my fellow creatures.—But where are my followers?

Allan. Fearing leſt their numbers ſhould excite ſuſpicion, I left them concealed in yonder wood.

Percy. Guide me to them. Edric, for this night I muſt requeſt the ſhelter of your hut.

Edric. Willingly, my Lord! But my cottage is ſo humble, your treatment ſo wretched——

Percy. Silence, my good fellow! The hut where good-will reſides, is to me more welcome than a palace, and no food can be ſo ſweet as that which is ſeaſoned with ſmiles—You gave me your beſt; a monarch could give no more, and it happens not often that men ever give ſo much Now farewell for an hour——Allan, lead on! [*Exeunt* Percy, Allan, *&c.*

Manent MOTLEY *and* EDRIC.

Motl. And in the mean-while, friend Edric, I'll lend you an hand in preparing ſupper.

Edric. Truly the taſk won't give you much trouble, for times have gone hard with me of late. Our preſent Lord ſees no company, gives no entertainments, and thus I ſell no fiſh. Things went better while Earl Reginald lived!

Motl. What! you remember him?

Edric. Never ſhall I forget him, or his ſweet Lady! Why, I verily believe, they poſſeſſed all the cardinal virtues!—So pious, ſo generous, ſo mild, ſo kind to the poor, and ſo fond of fiſh!

Motl. Fond of fiſh!—One of the cardinal virtues, of which I never heard before!

Edric. But theſe thoughts make me ſad. Come, Maſter Motley; your Lord's ſupper ſtill ſwims in the river:—if you'll help to catch it, why do ſo, and thank you heartily. Can you fiſh?

Motl. Can I? Who in this world cannot?—I'll aſſure you, friend Edric, there is no profeſſion more univerſal than yours; we all ſpread our nets to catch ſomething or other—and alas! when obtained, it ſeldom proves worth the trouble of taking. The Coquette fiſhes for hearts which are worthleſs; the Courtier for titles which are abſurd*; and the Poet, for compliments which are empty—Oh! happy are they in this world of diſappointments, who throw out no nets ſave fiſhing ones. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Caſtle-Hall.*

Enter KENRIC.

Kenric. Yonder he ſtalks, and ſeems buried in himſelf!—Now then to attack him while my late ſervice is ſtill freſh upon his memory. Should he reject my petition poſitively, he ſhall have good cauſe to repent his ingratitude. Percy is in the neighbourhood; and that ſecret, known only to myſelf, will ſurely——But, ſilence!—Look where he comes!

Enter OSMOND.

Oſm. It ſhall not be! Away with theſe forboding terrors, which weigh down my heart!—Does not all ſmile upon my fortunes? My rival wears my

* On the ſtrength of this ſingle ſentence, it was boldly aſſerted on the morning after the firſt performance, that the whole Play was written to ſupport the Cauſe of Equality; and that I ſaid in it, all diſtinctions of rank ought to be aboliſhed, and thought it extremely wrong for any perſons to accept titles! To make the thing complete, the aſſertors ſhould have added, that I thought it extremely wrong for any perſons to pay compliments, or poſſeſs hearts!

chains;

chains; he cannot wreſt her from me, and with to-morrow's dawn Angela ſhall be mine. Bound then high, my heart! Pleaſure, ſweet gueſt, ſo long a ſtranger, Oh, to my boſom welcome once more!—I will forget the paſt, I will enjoy the preſent, and make thoſe raptures again be mine, which——Ah! no, no, no!—Conſcience, that ſerpent, winds her folds round the cup of my bliſs, and, ere my lips can reach it, her venom is mingled with the draught.

Kenr. How profound the gloom which obſcures his brow!—How fixed, how hopeleſs glares his dark eye-ball!—Oh, dreadful is the villain's look, when he ponders on committed crimes!

Oſm. Evening approaches faſt—[*drawing near and opening the window.*] Already the air breathes cooler, and the beams of the ſetting ſun ſparkle on the waters of Conway. How fair, how tranquil all without! How dark, how comfortleſs all within!—Hark, the ſound of muſic!—The peaſants all returning from labour: they move with gay and careleſs ſteps, carolling as they go ſome ruſtic ditty; and will paſs the night in reſt, for they have paſſed the day in innocence!

CHORUS [*without*] Pleaſed the toils of day to leave,
Home we haſte with footſteps light:
Oh! how gay the cotter's eve!
Oh! how calm the cotter's night!

Oſm. [*cloſing the window with violence.*]—Curſes upon them—I will look, I will liſten no more! I ſicken at the ſight of happineſs, which I never more muſt enjoy; I hate the poſſeſſors of hearts untainted—hate, for I envy!—Oh, fly from my eyes, bright Day! Speed thy pace, Darkneſs! thou art my love! Haſte to unfold thy ſable mantle, and robe the world in the colour of my ſoul!

Kenr. Now then to accoſt him—Yet I tremble!

Oſm. Anguiſh! endleſs, hopeleſs anguiſh!—Day or night, no moment of reſt—When I ſleep, dreams of ſtrange horror ſtill fright me from my couch! When I wake, I find in every object ſome cauſe for diſtruſt—read the dread charge in every eye, "Thou art a murderer!"—and tremble leſt the agents of my guilt ſhould work its puniſhment.—And ſee where he walks,

walks, the chief object of my fears!—He ſhall not be ſo long!—His anxiety to leave me, his late myſterious threats——No, no: I will not live in fear.——Soft!—he advances!

Kenr. So melancholy, my Lord?

Oſm. Aye, Kenric, and muſt be ſo till Angela is mine. Know that even now ſhe extorted from me a promiſe, that till to-morrow I would leave her unmoleſted.

Kenr. But till to-morrow?

Oſm. But till to-morrow!—Oh, in that little ſpace a lover's eye views myriads of dangers!—Yet think not, good Kenric, that your late ſervices are undervalued by me, or that I have forgotten thoſe for which I have been long your debtor. When, bewildered by hatred of Reginald, and grief for Evelina's loſs, my dagger was placed on the throat of their infant, your hand arreſted the blow—Judge then how grateful I muſt feel, when I behold in Angela her mother's living counterpart—behold her ſuch as when ſhielding with her body her fallen huſband, Evelina received that dagger in her breaſt, which I aimed at the heart of Reginald!—Worthy Kenric, how can I repay your ſervices?

Kenr. Theſe you may eaſily.—But what, Earl Oſmond, what can repay me for the ſacrifice of my innocence?—I was virtuous till you bade me be guilty—my hands were pure till you taught me to ſtain them with blood—you painted in ſtrong colours the ſhame of ſervitude—you promiſed freedom, riches, independence—you vanquiſhed the reſiſtance of my better Angel, and never ſince have I known one moment of reſt!

Oſm. Good Kenric——

Kenr. All here reminds me of my guilt—every object recalls to me Reginald and his murdered Lady!—Let me then claim that independence ſo long promiſed, and ſeek for peace in ſome other climate, ſince memory forbids me to taſte it in this.

Oſm. Kenric, ere named, your wiſh was granted. In a far diſtant country a retreat is already prepared for you! there may you huſh thoſe clamours of conſcience, which muſt reach me, I fear, e'en in the arms of

of Angela.—Yet do not leave me till she is my bride. Stay yet a week in Conway Castle; and then, though 'twill cost me many a pang, Kenric, you shall bid it a long adieu.—Are you contented?

Kenr. [*affected.*] My Lord!——Gratitude——Amazement——And I doubted—I suspected——Oh! my good Lord, how have I wronged your kindness!

Osm. No more—I must not hear you!—[*aside.*]—Shame! shame! that ever my soul should stoop to dissembling with my slave!—Kenric, farewell!—Till Angela is mine, keep a strict eye on Percy; and then——

SAIB *enters, and advances with apprehension.*

Osm. How now?—Why this confusion?—Why do you tremble?——Speak!

Saib. My Lord!—the prisoner——

Osm. The prisoner?—Go on! go on!

Saib. [*kneeling.*] Pardon, my Lord, pardon! Our prisoner has escaped!

Osm. Villain!—[*Wild with rage he draws his dagger, and rushes upon* Saib—Kenric *holds his arm.*]

Kenr. Hold! hold!—What would you do?

Osm. [*struggling.*] Unhand me, or by Heaven——

Kenr. Away! away!—Fly, fellow, fly and save yourself! [*Exit* Saib.

Kenr. [*releasing* Osmond.] Consider, my Lord, haply 'twas not by his keeper's fault that——

Osm. [*furiously.*] What is't to me by whose?—Is not my rival fled?——Soon will Northumberland's guards encircle my walls, and force from me——Yet that by Heaven they shall not! No; rather than resign her, my own hand shall give this Castle a prey to flames: then plunging with Angela into the blazing gulph, I'll leave these ruins to tell posterity how desperate was my love, and how dreadful my revenge!—[*Going, he stops and turns to* Kenric.—And you, who dared to rush between me and my resentment—you who could so well succeed in saving others—now look to yourself! [*Exit.*

Kenr. Ha! that look—that threat——Yet he seemed so kind, so grateful!——He smiled too!—Oh! there is ever danger when a villain smiles.

SAIB

SAIB *enters softly, looking round him with caution.*

Saib. [*in a low voice*] Hist!—Kenric!

Kenr. How now?—What brings———

Saib. Silence, and hear me!—You have saved my life, nor will I be ungrateful—Look at this phial!

Kenr. Ha! did the Earl———

Saib. Even so: a few drops of this liquor should to-night have flavoured your wine—you would never have drank again! Mark me then—when I offer you a goblet at supper, drop it as by accident. For this night I give you life: use it to quit the Castle; for no longer than till to-morrow dare I disobey our Lord's commands. Farewell, and fly from Conway—You bear with you my thanks! [*Exit.*

Kenr. Can it be possible? Is not all this a dream? ——Villain! villain!—Yes, yes, I must away!—But tremble, traitor!—A bolt, of which you little think, hangs over, and shall crush you!—The keys are still in my possession—Angela shall be the partner of my flight.—My prisoner too———Yet hold! May not resentment—may not Reginald's sixteen years captivity ——Oh, no! Angela shall be my advocate; and, grateful for her own, for her parent's life preserved, she can, she will obtain my pardon—Yet should she fail, at least I shall drag down Osmond in my fall, and sweeten death's bitter cup with vengeance! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Cedar-room, with folding Doors in the middle, and a large antique Bed; on one Side is the Portrait of a Lady, on the other that of a Warrior armed. Both are at full length.—After a Pause the Female Portait slides back, and* Father Philip, *after looking in, advances cautiously.*

F. Phil. [*closing the panel*] Thus far have I proceeded without danger, though not without difficulty. You narrow passage is by no means calculated for persons of my habit of body. By my Holidame I begin to suspect that the fool is in the right! I certainly am growing corpulent.—And now, how shall I employ myself?—Sinner that I am, why did I forget my bottle of sack?—The time will pass tediously till Angela comes.

comes.—And, to complete the buſineſs, yonder is the haunted Oratory. What if the ghoſt ſhould pop out on me? Bleſſed St. Bridget, there would be a tête-à-tête!—Yet this is a fooliſh fear;—'tis yet ſcarce eight o'clock, and your ghoſts always keep late hours; yet I don't like the idea of our being ſuch near neighbours. If Alice ſays true, the apparition juſt now lives next door to me; but the Lord forbid that we ſhould ever be viſiting acquaintance!—Would I had ſomething to drive her out of my head! A good book now or a bottle of ſack, St. Auguſtine or a cold veniſon paſty would be worth its weight in gold: but in the chambers of theſe young girls one finds nothing good, either to read, drink, or eat. Now my laſt patroneſs, the Baroneſs O'Drench——Ah, to hear the catalogue of her crimes was quite a pleaſure, for ſhe always confeſſed them over a ſir-loin of beef, and inſtead of telling a bead, ſwallowed a bumper!—Oh! ſhe was a worthy ſoul!——But hark!—Angela comes.

Oſm. [*without.*] What, Alice!—Alice, I ſay!

F. Phil. By St. David, 'tis the Earl! I'll away as faſt as I can!—[*Trying to open the door.*]—I can't find the ſpring!—Lord forgive me my ſins!—Where can I hide myſelf?——Ha! the bed!—'Tis the very thing.—[*Throws himſelf into the bed, and conceals himſelf under the clothes.*]—Heaven grant that it mayn't break down with me; for, oh, what a fall would be there, my countrymen!—They come!——

[*The door is unlocked.*]

Enter OSMOND, ANGELA, *and* ALICE.

Oſm. [*entering.*] You have heard my will, Lady. Till your hand is mine, you quit not this chamber.

Ang. If then it muſt be ſo, welcome my eternal priſon!—Yet eternal it ſhall not be!—My hero, my guardian angel is at liberty! Soon ſhall his horn make theſe hateful towers tremble, and your fetters be exchanged for the arms of Percy!

Oſm. Beware, beware, Angela!—Dare not before me——

Ang. Before you! before the world!—Is my attachment a diſgrace? No! 'tis my pride: for its object

ject is deſerving. Long ere I knew him, Percy's fame was dear to me. While I ſtill believed him the peaſant Edwy, often, in his hearing, have I dwelt upon Northumberland's praiſe, and chid him that he ſpoke of our Lord ſo coldly! Ah, little did I think that the man then ſeated beſide me was he whom I envied for his power of doing good, whom I loved for exerting that power ſo largely!—Judge then, Earl Oſmond, on my arrival here how ſtrongly I muſt have felt the contraſt!—What peaſant names you his benefactor?—What beggar has been comforted by your bounty?—What ſick man preſerved by your care?—Your breaſt is unmoved by woe, your ear is deaf to complaint, your doors are barred againſt the poor and wretched. Not ſo are the gates of Alnwic Caſtle; they are open as their owner's heart.

Alice. My hair ſtands on end to hear her!

Oſm. Inſulting girl!—This to my face?

Ang. Nay, never bend your brows!—Shall I tremble, becauſe you frown? Shall my eye ſink, becauſe anger flaſhes from yours?—No! that would ill become the bride of Northumberland.

Oſm. Amazement!—Can this be the gentle, timid Angela?

Ang. Wonder you that the worm ſhould turn when you trample it ſo cruelly?—Oh, wonder no more: Ere he was torn from me, I claſped Percy to my breaſt, and my heart caught a ſpark of that fire which flames in his unceaſingly.

Alice. Caught fire, Lady!—Bleſs me, I hope you didn't burn yourſelf?

Oſm. Silence, old crone!—I have heard you calmly, Angela; now then hear me. Twelve hours ſhall be allowed you to reflect upon your ſituation: till that period is elapſed, this chamber ſhall be your priſon, and Alice, on whoſe fidelity I can depend, your ſole attendant. This term expired, ſhould you ſtill reject my hand, force ſhall obtain for me what love denies. Speak not: I will hear nothing!—I ſwear that to-morrow ſees you mine, or undone! and, Skies, rain curſes on me if I keep not my oath! —Mark that, proud girl, mark it, and tremble! [*Exit.*

F. Phil.

F. Phil. Heaven be praiſed, he's gone!

Ang. Tremble, did he ſay?—Alas! how quickly is my boaſted courage vaniſhed!—Yet I will not deſpair: there is a Power in heaven, there is a Percy on earth; on them will I rely to ſave me.

Alice. The firſt may, Lady; but as to the ſecond, he'll be of no uſe, depend on't. Now might I adviſe, you'd accept my Lord's offer: What matters it whether the man's name be Oſmond or Percy? An Earl's an Earl after all; and though one may be ſomething richer than t'other——

Ang. Oh! ſilence, Alice!—nor aid my tyrant's deſigns: rather inſtruct me how to counteract them. You have influence in the Caſtle; aſſiſt me to eſcape, and be aſſured that Percy's gratitude and generoſity—

Alice. I help you to eſcape! Not for the beſt gown in your Ladyſhip's wardrobe! I tremble at the very idea of my Lord's rage; and, beſides, had I the will, I've not the power. Kenric keeps the keys; we could not poſſibly quit the Caſtle without his knowledge; and if the Earl threatens to uſe force with you—Oh Gemini! what would he uſe with me, Lady?

Ang. Threatens, Alice!—I deſpiſe his threats! Ere it pillows Oſmond's head will I plunge this poniard in my boſom.

Alice. Holy fathers!—A dagger!

Ang. Even now, as I wandered through the Armoury, my eye was attracted by its glittering handle.—Look, Alice! it bears Oſmond's name; and the point——

Alice. Is ruſty with Blood!—Take it away, Lady!—Take it away!—I never ſee blood without fainting!

Ang. [*putting up the dagger.*] This weapon may render me good ſervice.—But, ah! what ſervice has it rendered Oſmond!—Haply 'twas this very poniard which drank his brother's blood—or which pierced the fair breaſt of Evelina!—Said you not, Alice, that this was her portrait?

Alice. I did, Lady; and the likeneſs was counted excellent.

Ang. How fair!—How heavenly!—What ſweetneſs, yet what dignity, in her blue, ſpeaking eyes!

Alice. No wonder that you admire her, Lady; ſhe was as like you as one pea to another. But this morning you know I promiſed to ſhow you her Oratory, and here I've brought the key.—Shall I unlock the door?

Ang. Do ſo, good Alice!—Haply for a moment it may abſtract my thoughts from my own ſorrows.

F. Phil. [*while Alice unlocks the door.*] Will the old woman never be gone?—I dare not diſcover myſelf in her preſence.

Alice. [*having opened the folding doors, an Oratory is ſeen, richly ornamented with carving and painted glaſs:* Angela *and* Alice *enter it.*] This room has not been opened ſince my Lady's death, and every thing remains as ſhe left it. Look, here is her veil—her prayer-book too, in which ſhe was reading on the very night before ſhe quitted the Caſtle, never to return!

F. Phil. I'm out of all patience.

Alice. And that guitar!—How often have I heard her play upon that guitar! She would ſit in yonder window for hours, and ſtill ſhe played airs ſo ſad, ſo ſweet—To be ſure, ſhe had the fineſt voice that ever—[*During this ſpeech* Angela, *who at firſt looks round with curioſity, throws the veil careleſſly over her face, and, taking the guitar from the table, ſtrikes a few wild and melancholy notes.* Alice, *whoſe back is towards her, turns haſtily round, ſcreams, and ruſhes from the Oratory.* Angela *caſt the veil and guitar upon the table, and follows her.*]

Ang. What alarms you?

Alice. Is it you Lady? Let me die, if I din't take you for the ghoſt!—your air, your look, your attitude, all were ſo like the deceaſed Counteſs, that—Well, well! I'll not enter that room again in an hurry! I proteſt my hand trembles ſo, that I can hardly turn the key!

Ang. How contagious is terror! This ſilly woman's apprehenſions have ſpread to my boſom, and ſcarce can I look round without alarm. The ſtillneſs too of evening—The wavering and myſterious light

light which ſtreams through theſe painted windows—And, hark! 'Twas the ſhriek of the ſcreech owl, which neſts in the tower above!

Alice. [*having locked the folding doors.*] Ah! 'twas a ſad day for me, when I heard of the dear Lady's loſs! Look at that bed, Lady:—That very bed was hers.

F. Phil. Was it ſo? Oh! ho!

Alice. How often have I ſeen her ſleeping in that bed—and, oh! how like an angel ſhe looked when ſleeping! I remember, that juſt after Earl Reginald—Oh! Lord! didn't ſomebody ſhake the curtain?

Ang. Abſurd! It was the wind.

Alice. I declare it made me tremble! Well, as I was ſaying, I remember, juſt after Earl Reginald had ſet out for the Scottiſh wars, going into her room one morning, and hearing her ſob moſt bitterly.—So advancing to the bed-ſide, as it might be thus—"My Lady," ſays I, with a low curtſey, "Isn't your Ladyſhip well?"—So, with that ſhe raiſed her head ſlowly above the quilt, and, giving me a mournful look—[*Here, unſeen by* Angela, *who is contemplating* Reginald's *portrait*, Father Philip *lifts up his head, and gives a deep groan.*]

Alice. Jeſu Maria! the devil! the devil! the devil*! [*Exit.*

Ang. [*turning round*] How now? [Father Philip *riſing from the bed—it breaks under him, and he rolls at* Angela's *feet.*]—Good heavens! a man concealed!—[*Attempting to paſs him, he detains her by her robe.*]

F. Phil. Stay, daughter, ſtay: if you run I can never overtake you!

Ang. Amazement! Father Philip!

F. Phil. The very ſame, and at preſent the beſt friend that you have in the world. Daughter, I came to ſave you.

Ang. To ſave me? Speak! Proceed!

F. Phil. Obſerve this picture, it conceals a ſpring, whoſe ſecret is unknown to all in the Caſtle, except myſelf.

* This incident is borrowed from "The Myſteries of Udolpho," but employed very differently. In the Romance it brings forward a terrific ſcene. In the Play it is intended to produce an effect entirely ludicrous.

myſelf. Upon touching it, the pannel ſlides back, and a winding paſſage opens into the marble hall. Thence we muſt proceed to the vaulted veſtibule; a door is there concealed, ſimilar to this; and, after treading the mazes of a ſubterranean labyrinth, we ſhall find ourſelves in ſafety on the outſide of the Caſtle walls.

Ang. Oh, worthy, worthy Father! quick let us haſten! Let us not loſe one moment!

F. Phil. Hold, hold: Not ſo faſt. You forget, that between the hall and veſtibule we muſt traverſe many chambers much frequented at this early hour. Wait till the Caſtle's inhabitants are aſleep. Expect me, without fail, at one; keep up your ſpirits, and doubt not of ſucceſs. Now, then, I muſt away, leſt the Earl ſhould perceive my abſence.

Ang. Stay yet one moment. Tell me, does Percy—

F. Phil. I have appriſed him, that this night will reſtore you to liberty, and he expects you at the fiſherman's cottage. Now, then, farewell, fair daughter.

Ang. Good friar, till one, farewell.

[*Exit* F. Philip *through the ſliding pannel, cloſing it after him.*]

Ang. This is thy doing, God of Juſtice! Receive my thanks.—Yes, Percy, we ſhall meet once more—ſhall meet, never again to ſeparate! Thoſe dreams ſhall be realized—thoſe ſmiling golden dreams which floated before us in Allan's happy cottage. Hand in hand ſhall we wander together through life—partners in pleaſure—partners in woe—and when the night of our exiſtence arrives, one ſpot ſhall receive our bodies—one ſtone ſhall cover our grave—Allan too, and the worthy Maud!—my parents—my more than parents!—to ſmooth the pillow of their age—to gild their laſt hours with ſun-ſhine! That thought is heaven. So glorious are my proſpects, that they dazzle me to look on, and ſcarce can I believe them really to exiſt.—Oh, gracious God! ſhould my brain be bewildered by fancy—ſhould I be now the ſport of ſome deceitful dream, ſeal up my eyes for ever, never let me wake again!—I muſt not expect the Friar before one. Till that hour arrives, will I kneel at the

the feet of yonder ſaint, there tell my beads, and pray for morning!

END *of the* THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Caſtle-Hall: The Lamps are lighted.*

Enter Father PHILIP.

Father Philip.

'TIS near midnight, and the Earl is already retired to reſt. What if I ventured now to the Lady's chamber? Hark! I hear the ſound of footſteps!

Enter ALICE.

F. Phil. How, Alice, is it you?

Alice. So, ſo!—Have I found you at laſt, Father?—I have been in ſearch of you theſe four hours!—Oh, I've been ſo frightened ſince I ſaw you, that I wonder I keep my ſenſes!

F. Phil. So do I; for I'm ſure they're not worth the trouble. And pray what has alarmed you thus? I warrant you've taken an old cloak pinned againſt the wall for a ſpectre, or diſcovered the devil in the ſhape of a tabby cat.

Alice. [*looking round in terror.*] For the love of heaven, Father, don't name the devil! or, if you muſt ſpeak of him, pray mention the good gentleman with proper politeneſs. I'm ſure, for my own part, I had always a great reſpect for him, and if he hears me, I dare ſay he'll own as much.

F. Phil. Reſpect for the devil, you wicked woman!—for that perfidious ſerpent—that crafty ſeducer—

Alice. Huſh!—Huſh!—Father, you make my teeth chatter with fright. For aught I know he's within hearing, for he certainly haunts this Caſtle in the form of my late Lady.

F. Phil. Form of a fiddleſtick!—Don't tell me of your——

Alice. Father, on the word of a virgin, I saw him this very evening in Lady Angela's bed!

F. Phil. In Lady Angela's?—On my conscience the devil has an excellent taste! But, Alice, Alice!—how dare you trot about the house at this time of night, propagating such abominable falsehoods?—One comfort is, that nobody will believe you. Lady Angela's virtue is too well known, and I'm persuaded she wouldn't suffer the devil to put a single claw into her bed for the universe!

Alice. How you run on!—Lord bless me, she wasn't in bed herself.

F. Phil. Oh!—Was she not?

Alice. No, to be sure: but you shall hear how it happened. We were in the Cedar-room together; and while we were talking of this and that, Lady Angela suddenly gave a great scream. I looked round, and what should I see but a tall figure all in white extended upon the bed! At the same time I heard a voice, which I knew to be the Countess Evelina's, pronounce in a hollow tone—"Alice!—Alice—Alice!"—three times. You may be certain that I was frightened enough. I instantly took to my heels, and just as I got without side of the door, I heard a loud clap of thunder, and the whole chamber shook as if tumbling into a thousand pieces!

F. Phil. Well done, Alice: a very good story, upon my word. It has but one fault—'tis not true.

Alice. Ods my life, Father, how can you tell any thing about it? Sure I should know best, for I was there, and you were not. I repeat it—I heard the voice as plain as I heard yours: Do you think I've no ears?

F. Phil. Oh, far from it: I think you've uncommonly good ones; for you not only hear what has been said, but what has not. Hark!—the clock strikes twelve:—'tis late, and I'm sleepy, so shall bid you farewell for the present. As to this wonderful story of yours, Alice, I don't believe one word of it: I'll be sworn that the voice was no more like your Lady's than like mine; and that the devil was no more in the bed than I was. Therefore, take my advice,

vice, ſet your heart at reſt, and go quietly to your chamber, as I am now going to mine.—Good night.

Alice. Good night?—Surely you'll not have the heart to leave me in this terrible ſituation!—Suppoſe Satan ſhould appear to me when I'm alone! Sinner that I am, I ſhould certainly die of the fright!—Good Father, you are a prieſt, and an holy man; your habit frightens the evil ſpirits, and they dare not come near you:—Oh! if you will but ſuffer me to paſs the night in your company——

F. Phil. Oh! monſtrous!—Oh! impudence unparalleled!—You naughty, naughty woman, what could put ſuch thoughts in your head?

Alice. What's the matter now?

F. Phil. Does not my ſacred habit inſpire you with awe?—Does not the exemplary chaſtity of my paſt life warn you to conceal ſuch licentious deſires?—Paſs the night with me indeed!—I'm ſhocked at the very thought!

Alice. The man's mad!—Father, as I hope to be ſaved——

F. Phil. Nay!—Come not near me!—Offer not to embrace me!

Alice. I embrace you?—Lord! Fellow, I wouldn't touch you for the univerſe!

F. Phil. Was it for this that you ſtill flattered my perſon, and declared that nothing became a man more than a big belly?—Was it for this that you ſtrove to win my heart through the medium of my ſtomach; that you uſed to come languiſhing every day with ſome liquoriſh diſh; and, while you ſqueezed my left hand tenderly, placed a ſack-poſſet in the right?—Heavens! how deep laid were your plans of ſeduction!—But mark me, tempter; in vain has the ſoup been ſalted, the ragout ſeaſoned, and the pepper-box ſhaken with unſparing hand! My virtue is proof againſt all your culinary ſpells; the fairneſs of my innocence is ſtill unblemiſhed; and in ſpite of your luſcious ſtews and ſavoury haſhes, I retire like a ſecond St. Anthony, victorious from Temptation's liſts!

[*Exit.*

Alice. There, he's gone!—Dear heart!—Dear heart! what ſhall I do now?—'Tis paſt twelve o'clock,

o'clock, and ſtay by myſelf I dare not.—I'll e'en wake the laundry-maid, make her ſit up in my room all night, and 'tis hard if two women a'n't a match for the beſt devil in Chriſtendom. [*Exit.*

Enter SAIB *and* HASSAN.

Saib. The Earl then has forgiven me!—A moment longer, and his pardon would have come too late. Had not Kenric held his hand, by this time I ſhould be at ſupper with St. Peter.

Haſs. Your folly well deſerved ſuch a reward. Knowing the Earl's haſty nature, you ſhould have ſhunned him till the firſt ſtorm of paſſion was paſt, and circumſtances had again made your miniſtry needful. Anger then would have armed his hand in vain; for intereſt, the white man's God, would have blunted the point of his dagger.

Saib. I truſted that his gratitude for my paſt ſervices——

Haſs. European gratitude!—Seek conſtancy in the winds—fire in ice—darkneſs in the blaze of ſunſhine!—But ſeek not gratitude in the breaſt of an European!

Saib. Then, why ſo attached to Oſmond? For what do you value him?

Haſs. Not for his virtues, but for his vices, Saib: Can there for me be a greater cauſe to love him? Am I not branded with ſcorn? Am I not marked out for diſhonour? Was I not free, and am I not a ſlave? Was I not once beloved, and am I not now deſpiſed? What man, did I tender my ſervice, would accept the negro's friendſhip? What woman, did I talk of affection, would not turn from the negro with diſguſt? Yet, in my own dear land, my friendſhip was courted, my love was returned, I had parents, children, wife! —Bitter thought—in one moment all were loſt to me! Can I remember this, and not hate theſe white men? Can I think how cruelly they have wronged me, and not rejoice when I ſee them ſuffer?—Attached to Oſmond, ſay you? Saib, I hate him! Yet viewing him, as an avenging Fiand ſent hither to torment his fellows, it glads me that he fills his office ſo well! Oh! 'tis a thought which I would not barter for empires,

to

to know that in this world he makes others ſuffer, and will ſuffer himſelf for their tortures in the next!

Saib. But ſay, you be one of thoſe whom he cauſes to ſuffer, how then?—Haſſan, I will ſleep no more in the Lion's den!—My reſolve is taken—I will away from the Caſtle, and ſeek in ſome other ſervice that ſecurity———

Oſm. [*within.*] What—Hoa!—Help!——Lights there!—Lights!——

Haſs. Hark!—Surely 'twas the Earl!

OSMOND *ruſhes in wildly.*

Oſm. Save me! Save me!—They are at hand!—Oh, let them not enter!—[*Sinks into the arms of* Saib.]

Saib. What can this mean?—See how his eyes roll!—How violently he trembles!

Haſs. Speak, my Lord—Do you not know us?

Oſm. [*recovering himſelf.*] Ha! Whoſe voice?—Haſſan's?—And Saib too here?—Oh! Was it then but a dream?—Did I not hear thoſe dreadful, thoſe damning words——Still, ſtill they ring in my ears. Haſſan, Haſſan! Death muſt be bliſs, in flames or on the rack, compared to what I have this night ſuffered!

Haſs. Compoſe yourſelf, my Lord: Can a mere dream unman you thus?

Oſm. A mere dream, ſay'ſt thou? Haſſan, 'twas a dream of ſuch horror! Did ſuch dreams haunt my bittereſt foe, I ſhould wiſh him no ſeverer puniſhment. Mark you not, how the ague of fear ſtill makes my limbs tremble? Rolls not my eye, as if ſtill gazing on the Spectre? Are not my lips convulſed, as were they yet preſſed by the kiſs of corruption? Oh! 'twas a ſight that might have bleached joy's roſy cheek for ever, and ſtrowed the ſnows of age upon youth's auburn ringlets! Yet, away with theſe terrors!—Haſſan, thou ſaidſt, 'twas but a dream; I was deceived by fancy, Haſſan, thou ſaidſt true; there is not, there cannot be a world to come.

Haſs. My Lord,———

Oſm. Anſwer me not!——Let me not hear the damning truth!—Tell me not, that flames await me!—that for moments of bliſs, I muſt endure long ages of torture:—Plunge me rather in the thickeſt gloom of Atheiſm!—Say, that with my body muſt periſh my

my ſoul!—For, oh! ſhould my fearful dream be prophetic!——Hark, fellows!—inſtruments of my guilt, liſten to my puniſhment!———Methought I wandered through the low-browed caverns, where repoſe the reliques of my anceſtors!—My eye dwelt with awe on their tombs, with diſguſt on Mortality's ſurrounding emblems!—Suddenly a female form glided along the vault: It was Angela!—She ſmiled upon me, and beckoned me to advance. I flew towards her: my arms were already unclоſed to claſp her—when ſuddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a ſtream of blood guſhed from her boſom!——Haſſan, 'twas Evelina!

Saib and Haſſan. Evelina!

Oſm. Such as when ſhe ſunk at my feet expiring, while my hand graſped the dagger ſtill crimſoned with her blood!—"We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice! "Now ruſh to my arms, but firſt ſee what you have made me!—Embrace me, my bridegroom! We muſt never part again!"—While ſpeaking, her form withered away: the fleſh fell from her bones; her eyes burſt from their ſockets; a ſkeleton, loathſome and meagre, claſped me in her mouldering arms!———

Saib. Moſt horrible!

Oſm. Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rotten fingers preſſed my hand, and my face was covered with her kiſſes!—Oh! then how I trembled with diſguſt!—And now blue diſmal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent aſunder; bands of fierce ſpectres ruſhed round me in frantic dance!—Furiouſly they gnaſhed their teeth while they gazed upon me, and ſhrieked in loud yell—"Welcome, thou fratricide!—Welcome, thou loſt for ever!"—Horror burſt the bands of ſleep; diſtracted I flew hither:—But my feelings—words are too weak, too powerleſs to expreſs them.

Saib. My Lord, my Lord, this was no idle dream! 'Twas a celeſtial warning;—'twas your better Angel that whiſpered—"Oſmond, repent your former crimes!—Commit not new ones!"—Remember that this night ſhould Kenric———

Oſm. Kenric?—Oh! ſpeak! Drank he the poiſon?

Saib.

Saib. Obedient to your orders, I preſented it at ſupper; but ere the cup reached his lips, his favourite dog ſprang upon his arm, and the liquor fell to the ground untaſted.

Oſm. Praiſed be Heaven!—Then my ſoul is lighter by a crime!—Kenric ſhall live good Saib. What though he quit me, and betray my ſecrets? Proofs he cannot bring againſt me, and bare aſſertions will not be believed. At worſt, ſhould his tale be credited, long ere Percy can wreſt her from me, ſhall Angela be mine. Angela!——Oh! At that name all again is calm in my boſom. Huſhed by her image my tumultuous paſſions ſink to reſt, and my terrors ſubſide into that ſingle fear, her loſs!—I forget that I have waded to her arms through blood; forget all ſave my affection and her beauty!

Saib. You forget too that her heart is another's? Oh! my Lord, reflect on your conduct while it is yet time; reſtore the poor Angela to liberty; reſign her to her favoured lover——

Oſm. Sooner will I reſign my life!—Fellow, you know not what you ſay: My heart-ſtrings are twiſted round the maid, ere I reſign her, thoſe ſtrings muſt break. If I exiſt to-morrow night, I will paſs it in her arms.—*If* I exiſt?—Ha! Whence that doubt? "We meet again this night!"—So ſaid the ſpectre!—Dreadful words, be ye blotted from my mind for ever!—Haſſan, to your vigilance I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that inſtant, ſhould any unbidden foot-ſtep approach yon chamber-door. I'll to my couch again. Follow me, Saib, and watch me while I ſleep. Then, if you ſee my limbs convulſed, my teeth clenched, my hair briſtling, and cold dews trembling on my brow, ſeize me!—Rouſe me!—Snatch me from my bed!—I muſt not dream again.—Oh! faithleſs ſleep, why art thou too leagued with my foes? There was a time, when thy preſence brought oblivion to my ſorrows; when thy poppy crown was mingled with roſes!—Now, Fear and Remorſe thy ſad companions, I ſhudder to ſee thee approach my couch!—Blood trickles from thy garments; ſnakes writhe round thy brows: thy hand holds the well known fatal dagger, and plunges it

ſtill

ſtill reeking in my breaſt!—Then do I ſhriek in agony; then do I ſtart diſtracted from thy arms!—Oh! how I hate thee Sleep;—Friend of Virtue, oh! how I dread thy coming*!

[*Exit with* Saib.

Haſs. [*alone.*]—Yes thou art ſweet, Vengeance!—Oh! how it joys me when the white man ſuffers!—Yet weak are his pangs to thoſe I felt when torn from thy ſhores, O native Africa!—from thy boſom, my faithful Samba!—Ah! doſt thou ſtill exiſt, my wife?—Has ſorrow for my loſs traced thy ſmooth brow with wrinkles?—My boy too, whom on that morning when the man-hunters ſeized me, I left ſleeping on thy boſom, ſay, lives he yet?—Does he ever ſpeak of me?—Does he aſk, "Mother, deſcribe to me my father; ſhow me how the warrior looked†?"—Ha! has my boſom ſtill room for thoughts ſo tender? Hence with them! Vengeance muſt poſſeſs it all!—Oh! when I forget my wrongs, may I forget myſelf!—When I forget to hate theſe Chriſtians, God of my fathers! mayſt thou hate me!——Ha! Whence that light? A man moves this way with a lamp!—How cautiouſly he ſteals along!—He muſt be watched. This friendly column will ſhield me from his regards. Silence he comes. [*Retires.*

KENRIC *enters ſoftly with a lamp.*

Kenr. All is huſhed!—The Caſtle ſeems buried in ſleep.—Now then to Angela! [*Exit.*

Haſs. [*advancing.*]—It was Kenric!—Still he moves onwards—Now he ſtops—'Tis at the door of Angela's chamber!—He unlocks it!—He enters!—Away then to the Earl; Chriſtian, ſoon ſhall we meet again. [*Exit.*

* This ſcene will doubtleſs have reminded the Reader of *Clarence's Dream*, *Richard's Dream*, &c.: But it bears a much cloſer reſemblance to the *Dream of Francis* in *Schiller's Robbers*, which, in my opinion, is ſurpaſſed by no viſion ever related upon the Stage. Were I aſked to produce an inſtance of the terrific and ſublime, I ſhould name the Parricide's confeſſion—"*Ich kannte den Mann!*"

† I ſuſpect this laſt idea to be the property of ſome other perſon, but what other perſon I know not: It is much at the ſervice of any one who may think it worth claiming.

SCENE

SCENE II.—ANGELA's *Apartment.*

ANGELA *ſtands by the Window, which is open, and through which the Moon is ſeen.*

Ang. Will it never arrive, this tedious lingering hour?—Sure an age muſt have elapſed ſince the Friar left me, and ſtill the bell ſtrikes not One!—— Percy, does thy impatience equal mine? Doſt thou too count the moments which divide us?—Doſt thou too chide the ſlowneſs of Time's pinions, which moved ſo ſwiftly when we ſtrayed together on the Cheviot Hills?—Methinks I ſee him now, as he paces the Conway's margin: If a leaf falls, if a bird flutters, he flies towards it, for he thinks 'tis the foot-ſtep of Angela: Then, with ſlow ſteps and bending head, diſappointed he regains the fiſher's cottage. Perhaps, at this moment, his eyes like mine are fixed on yonder planet; perhaps, this ſweet wind which plays on my cheek, is freighted with the ſighs of my Lover.——Oh! ſigh no more, my Percy:—Soon ſhall I repoſe in ſafety on your boſom; ſoon again ſee the moon ſhed her ſilver light on Cheviot, and hear its green hills repeat the carol of your mellow horn!

SONG.

HOW ſlow the lingering moments wear!
Ye hours, in pity ſpeed your flight,
Till Cheviot's hills ſo freſh and fair
Again ſhall meet my longing ſight!
Oh! then what rapture 'twill afford
Once more thoſe ſcenes beloved to ſee,
Where Percy's heart firſt told its Lord,
He loved the Laſs of low degree!

No ſounding titles graced my name,
No bounteous kinſmen ſwelled my dower,
But Percy ſought no high-born Dame.
But Percy ſought not wealth or power.
He ſought a fond, a faithful heart,
He found the heart he ſought in me;
He ſaw her pure and free from art,
And loved the Laſs of low degree.

F The

Owing to the great exertions which Angela's character demanded, Mrs. Jordan omitted this Song.

The Caſtle ſeems to be ſtill already:—Would the Friar had named an earlier hour!—By this I might have been ſafe in the fiſher's cottage.—Hark!—Surely I heard———Some one unlocks the door!—Oh! ſhould it be the Earl?—ſhould he not retire ere the Monk arrives!—The door opens!—How!—Kenric here!—Speak—What would you?

Enter KENRIC.

Kenr. Softly, Lady!—If overheard, I am loſt, and your fate is connected with mine—[*placing his lamp upon the table.*]

Ang. What means this myſtery?—This midnight viſit———

Kenr. Is the viſit of a Friend, of a Penitent!—Lady, I muſt away from the Caſtle:—the keys are in my poſſeſſion:—I will make you the companion of my flight, and deliver you ſafe into the hands of Percy.—But, ere we depart—[*kneeling*]—Oh! tell me, Lady, will you plead for me with one, who to me alone owes ſixteen years of hard captivity?

Ang. Riſe, Kenric I underſtand you not.—Of what captive do you ſpeak?

Kenr. Of one, who by me has been moſt injured—who to you will be moſt dear!—Liſten, Lady, to my ſtrange narration.—I was brought up with Oſmond—was the partner of his pleaſures—the confidant of his cares. The latter ſprang ſolely from his elder brother, whoſe birth-right he coveted, whoſe ſuperiority he envied. Yet his averſion burſt not forth, till Evelina Neville, rejecting his hand, beſtowed hers with her heart on Reginald.—Then did Oſmond's paſſion overleap all bounds. He reſolved to aſſaſſinate his brother when returning from the Scottiſh wars, carry off the Lady, and make himſelf maſter of her perſon by force.—This ſcheme he imparted to me: he flattered, threatened, promiſed, and I yielded to his ſeduction!

Ang. Wretched man!

Kenr. Condemn me not unheard. 'Tis true, that I followed Oſmond to the ſcene of ſlaughter, but no blood that day imbrued my hand. It was the Earl whoſe ſword ſtruck Reginald to the ground: it was

the

the Earl, whose dagger was raised to complete his crime, when Evelina threw herself upon her husband's body, and received the weapon in her own.

Ang. Dreadful! Dreadful!

Kenr. His hopes disappointed by this accident, Ormond's wrath became madness. He gave the word for slaughter, and Reginald's few attendants were butchered on the spot. Scarce could my prayers and arguments save from his wrath his infant niece, whose throat was already gored by his poniard. Angela, yours still wears that mark.

Ang. Mine?——Almighty powers!

Kenr. Lady, 'tis true. I concealed in Allan's cottage the heiress of Conway: there were you doomed to languish in obscurity, till, alarmed by the report of his spies that Percy loved you, and dreading your meeting with so powerful a supporter, Ormond decreed your death a second time. With this intention he sought your retreat; but when in you he beheld Evelina's living image, he changed his bloody purpose. He caused me to reclaim you from Allan, and resolved, by making you his wife, to give himself a lawful claim to these possessions.

Ang. The monster! Now then I know, when he pressed my hand, why still my blood run cold! 'Twas nature that revolted at the fratricide's touch: 'Twas my mother's spirit, that whispered, "Love not my murderer!" Oh! good good Kenric! And you knele to me for pardon? You, to whom I owe my life! You, to whom——

Kenr. Hold! oh! hold!—Lady, how little do I deserve your thanks!—Oh! listen! listen!—I was the last to quit the bloody spot: Sadly was I retiring, when a faint groan struck my ear. I sprang from my horse, I placed my hand on Reginald's heart, it beat beneath the pressure!

[*Here* Ormond *appears at the door, motions to* Saib, *&c. to retire, and advances himself unobserved.*]

Ang. It beat! it beat! Cruel, and your dagger——

Kenr. Oh! that would have been mercy! No, Lady, I preserved his life to rob him of liberty. It struck me, how strong would be my hold over Ormond, while his brother was in my power; and this

reflection determined me to preſerve him. Having plunged the other bodies in the Conway's flood, I placed the bleeding Earl's on my horſe before me, and conveyed him ſtill inſenſible to a retreat, to all except myſelf a ſecret. There I tended his wounds carefully, and ſucceeded in preſerving his life.—Lady, Reginald ſtill exiſts.—[*Here* Oſmond *with a furious look draws his dagger, and motions to ſtab* Kenric. *A moment's reflection makes him ſtay his hand, and he returns the weapon into the ſheath.*]

Ang. Still exiſts, ſay you? My father ſtill exiſts?

Kenr. He does, if a life ſo wretched can be termed exiſtence. While his ſwoon laſted, I chained him to his dungeon wall; and no ſooner were his wounds healed, than I entered his priſon no more. Through a wicket in his dungeon-door I ſupplied him with food; and when in plaintive terms he ſued to me for mercy, haſty I fled, nor gave an anſwer. Lady, near fifteen years have paſt, ſince an human voice ſtruck the ear of Reginald!

Ang. Alas! Alas!

Kenr. But the hour of his releaſe draws near; I diſcover this night that Oſmond ſeeks my life, and reſolved to throw myſelf on your mercy. Then tell me, Lady, will you plead for me with your father? Think you, he can forgive the author of his ſufferings?

Ang. Kenric, you have been guilty, cruel——But reſtore to me my father; aid us to eſcape; and all ſhall be forgiven, all forgot.

Kenr. Then follow me in ſilence: I will guide you to Reginald's dungeon: This key unlocks the Caſtle gates, and ere the cock crows, ſafe in the arms of Percy——[*Here his eye falls upon* Oſmond, *who has advanced between him and* Angela. *She ſhrieks, and ſinks into a chair.*] Horror!—The Earl!—Undone for ever!

Oſm. Miſcreant!—Within there!

Enter Sair, Hassan, Muley, and Alaric.

Oſm. Hence with that traitor! confine him in the weſtern tower!

Ang. [*ſtarting wildly from her ſeat.*] Yet ſpeak once more,

more, Kenric!—Where is my Father?—What place conceals him?

Osm. Let him not speak!—Away with him! [Kenric *is forced off by the* Africans.]

Osm. [*paces the stage with a furious air, while* Angela *eyes him with terror: at length he stops, and addresses her*] Nay, stifle not your curses! Why should your lips be silent when your eye speaks?—Is there not written on every feature "Vengeance on the assassin! Justice on my mother's murderer?"—But mark me, Angela! Compared to that which soon must be thine, these titles are sweet and lovely. Know'st thou the word parricide, Angela? Know'st thou their pangs who shed the blood of a parent?—Those pangs must be thine to-morrow. This long-concealed captive, this new-found father———

Ang. Your brother, Osmond?—Your brother?—Surely you cannot—will not———

Osm. Still doubt you, that I both can, and will?—Remember Kenric's tale!—Remember, though the first blow failed, the second will strike deeper!—But from whom must Reginald receive that second?—Not from his rival brother! Not from his inveterate foe!—From his daughter, his unfeeling daughter! 'Tis she, who, refusing me her hand, will place a dagger in mine; 'tis she, whose voice declaring that she hates me, will bid me plunge that dagger in her father's heart!

Ang. Man! man! drive me not mad!

Osm. [*pointing to* Reginald's *portait.*] Look upon this picture! Mark, what a noble form! How sweet, how commanding the expression of his full dark eye!—Then fancy that he lies in some damp solitary dungeon, writhing in death's agonies, his limbs distorted, his eye-strings breaking, his soul burthened with crimes from which no priest has absolved him, his last words curses on his unnatural child, who could have saved him, but who would not!

Ang. Horrible! horrible!

Osm. Yet if you still reject my offers, thus must it be. Tortures shall compel Kenric to reveal what dungeon conceals your father; and ere to-morrow dawns, shall Angela lie a bride in my arms, or Reginald a corse at my feet. Nay, spare entreaties!—

Why ſhould I heed your ſorrows?—You have gazed unmoved upon mine!—Why ſhould I be ſoftened by your tears?—Mine never were dried by your pity!—Cold and inflexible have you been to *my* deſpair, ſo will I be to yours. Speak then, is Percy's love or your father's life moſt dear to you?—Does the falſe miſtreſs or the unnatural child ſound moſt grating in your ears?—Muſt Reginald die, or will Angela be mine?

Ang. Thine?—She will periſh firſt!

Oſm. You have pronounced his ſentence, and his blood be on your head!—Farewell!

Ang. [*detaining him, and throwing herſelf on her knees.*] Hold! hold!—Oh!—go not, go not yet!—Wretch that I am, where ſhall I fly for ſuccour?—Mercy, Oſmond!—Oh! mercy, mercy!—Behold me at your feet, ſee me bathe them with my tears! Look with pity on a creature whom your cruelty has bowed to the earth, whoſe heart you have almoſt broken, whoſe brain you have almoſt turned!—Mercy, Oſmond!—Oh! mercy! mercy!

Oſm. Lovely, lovely ſuppliant!—And why not profit by the preſent moment: Why owe to cold conſent what force may this inſtant give me?—It ſhall be ſo, and thus——[*attempting to claſp her in his arms, ſhe ſtarts from the ground ſuddenly, and draws her dagger with a diſtracted look.*]

Ang. Away!—Approach me not!—Dare not to touch me, or this poniard——

Oſm. Fooliſh girl!—Let me but ſay the word, and thou art diſarmed that moment.

Ang. But not by thee, Oſmond!—Oh! never by thee!—Hadſt thou the force of fabled giants, vainly wouldſt thou ſtrive to wreſt this dagger from my hand.

Oſm. Let this convince you how eaſily—[*Attempting to ſeize it, his eye reſts upon the hilt, and he ſtarts back with horror.*] By hell the very poniard which—

Ang. [*in an exulting tone.*] Ha! haſt thou found me, villain?——Villain doſt thou know this weapon? Know'ſt thou whoſe blood incruſts the point? Murder, it flowed from the boſom of my mother!

Oſm. Within there!—Help!—[Haſſan *and* Alaric *enter.*]

enter.] Oh! God in heaven! [*He falls ſenſeleſs into their arms, and they convey him from the chamber: the door is locked after them.*]

Ang. [*alone*] He faints!—Long may the villain wear thy chains, Oblivion! Long be it ere he awakes to commit new crimes!—My father in Oſmond's power?—Oh! 'tis a dreadful thought!—But no, it muſt not, ſhall not be!—I will to Oſmond—will promiſe to be his—will ſacrifice my love, my happineſs, my peace of mind—every thing but my father!—Yet, to bid an aſſaſſin reſt upon my boſom, to preſs that hand in mine which pierced the heart of my parent——Oh! it were monſtrous!—[*Kneeling before* Evelina's *portrait.*] Mother! Bleſſed Mother! If indeed thy ſpirit ſtill lingers amidſt theſe ſcenes of ſorrow, look on my deſpair with pity! fly to my aid! oh! fly, and ſave my father!—[*She remains for ſome moments proſtrate on the ground in ſilent ſorrow. The Caſtle bell tolls the hour: ſhe raiſes herſelf and counts the quarters, after which it ſtrikes "one!"*] Hark! the bell tolls!—'Tis the time which the Monk appointed. He will not tarry:—But I muſt not follow him!—I will not fly and abandon my father!—Yet may not my flight preſerve him? Yes, yes, I will away to Percy: By the ſame paſſage which favours my eſcape, his vaſſals may eaſily ſurpriſe the Caſtle, may ſeize Oſmond ere he effects his crime, and to-morrow may ſee Reginald reſtored to freedom, to his domains, and to his daughter!—Oh! then ſweet indeed will be my feelings!—Then only can my heart know joy, when it throbs againſt a father's!—Ha! what was that!—Methought the ſound of muſic floated by me! It ſeemed as ſome one had ſtruck the guitar!—I muſt have been deceived—it was but fancy. [*A plaintive voice ſings within, accompanied by a guitar.*]

"Lullaby! Lullaby! huſh thee, my dear!
"Thy father is coming, and ſoon will be here!"

Ang. Heavens! The very words which Alice—The door! too!—It moves! it opens!—Guard me, good Angels!

[*The folding doors unclooſe, and the Oratory is ſeen illuminated.*

luminated. In its centre ſtands a tall female figure, her white and flowing garments ſpotted with blood; her veil is thrown back, and diſcovers a pale and melancholy countenance; her eyes are lifted upwards, her arms extended towards heaven, and a large wound appears upon her boſom. Angela *ſinks upon her knees, with her eyes riveted upon the figure, which for ſome moments remains motionleſs. At length the Spectre advances ſlowly, to a ſoft and plaintive ſtrain; ſhe ſtops oppoſite to* Reginald's *picture, and gazes upon it in ſilence. She then turns, approaches* Angela, *ſeems to invoke a bleſſing upon her, points to the picture, and retires to the Oratory. The muſic ceaſes.* Angela *riſes with a wild look, and follows the Viſion, extending her arms towards it.*]

Ang. Stay, lovely ſpirit!—Oh! ſtay yet one moment!

[*The Spectre waves her hand, as bidding her farewell. Inſtantly the organ's ſwell is heard; a full chorus of female voices chaunt "Jubilate!" a blaze of light flaſhes through the Oratory, and the folding doors cloſe with a loud noiſe.*]

Ang. Oh! Heaven protect me!—[*She falls motionleſs on the floor.*]

END *of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A View of Conway Caſtle by Moon-light.*

Enter PERCY *and* MOTLEY.

MOTLEY.

IN truth, my Lord, you venture too near the Caſtle. Should you fall into Oſmond's power a ſecond time, your next jump might be into a better world.

Percy. Oh! there is no danger, Motley. My followers are not far off, and will join me at a moment's warning; then fear not for me.

Motl. With all my heart, but permit me to fear for myſelf. We are now within bow ſhot of the Caſtle.

Caſtle. The archers may think proper to amuſe us with a proof of their ſkill; and were I to feel an arrow quivering in my gizzard, probably I ſhould be much more ſurpriſed than pleaſed. Good my Lord, let us back to the fiſherman's hut.

Percy. Your advice may be wiſe, Gilbert, but I cannot follow it. Angela's eſcape may be diſcovered —ſhe may be purſued, and in need of my aſſiſtance. Then counſel not my retiring; my fears of loſing Angela are too ſtrong, the flame which burns in my boſom too ardent!

Motl. I'm ſure no flame burning in your boſom can give you ſo much pain as an arrow would give me ſticking in mine; and as to your fears of loſing the Lady, I'd bet mine of loſing my life againſt any fears in Chriſtendom!

Percy. How, Gilbert? Have you not promiſed to ſtand by me to the laſt? Did you not ſay you could die in my ſervice with pleaſure?

Motl. Very true.—But, Lord! if a man was always taken at his word, the world would ſoon be turned upſide down. When a polite gentleman begs you to conſider his houſe as your own, and aſſures you that all he has is at your diſpoſal, he'd be in a terrible ſcrape if you began knocking down his walls, or requeſted the loan of his wife or daughters!—No, no, Sir!—When I ſaid that I ſhould die in your ſervice with pleaſure, I intended to live in it many long years; ſince, to tell you the truth, from a child I had always a particular diſlike to dying, and I think that with every hour the prejudice grows ſtronger.—Good my Lord, let us be gone. Ere long I doubt not——

Percy. Hark! Did I not hear——No! ſhe comes not!—Heavens, ſhould the Friar's plot have failed!

Motl. Failed, and a prieſt and a petticoat concerned in it?—Oh, no; a plot compoſed of ſuch good ingredients cannot but ſucceed.—Ugh! Would I were again ſeated by the Fiſher's hearth!—The wind blows cruel ſharp and bitter!

Percy. For ſhame, Gilbert!—Am I not equally expoſed to its ſeverity?

Motl. Oh, the flame in your boſom keeps you warm;

warm; and in a cold night love wraps one up better than a blanket*. But that not being my ſituation, the preſent object of my deſires is a blazing wood-fire, and Venus would look to me leſs lovely than a ſmoking ſack poſſet!—Oh! when I was in love, I managed matters much better: I always paid my addreſſes by the fire-ſide, and contrived to urge my ſoft ſuit juſt at dinner-time. Then how I filled my fair one's ears with fine ſpeeches, while ſhe filled my trencher with roaſt beef!—Then what figures and tropes came out of my mouth, and what dainties and tid-bits went in!—'Twould have done your heart good to hear me talk, and ſee me eat—and you'd have found it no eaſy matter to decide, whether I had moſt wit or appetite.

Percy. And who was the object of this voracious paſſion?

Motl. A perſon well calculated to charm both my heart and my ſtomach: it was a Lady of great merit, who did your father the honour to ſuperintend his culinary concerns. I was ſcarce fifteen, when ſhe kindled a flame in my heart, while lighting the kitchen fire, and from that moment I thought on nothing but her. My mornings were paſſed in compoſing poems on her beauty, my evenings in reciting them in her ear; for Nature had equally denied the fair creature and myſelf the faculty of reading and writing.

Percy. You were ſucceſsful, I hope?

Motl. Why, at length, my Lord, a Pindaric Ode upon her grace in frying pancakes melted her heart. She conſented to be mine—when, oh! cruel Fortune! taking one night a drop too much——poor dear creature! ſhe never got the better of it!—I wept her loſs, and compoſed an Elegy upon it, which has been thought, by many perſons of great judgment, not totally deſtitute of taſte and ſublimity. It began thus—

Baked be the pies to coals!—Burn, roaſt meat, burn!
Boil o'er, ye pots!—Ye ſpits, forget to turn!
Cindrelia's death——

Percy. Peace! peace!—See you nothing near yonder tower?

* Sancho makes nearly the ſame obſervation upon ſleep.

Motl.

Motl. Yes, certainly.—Two persons advance towards us—Yet they cannot be our friends, for I see neither the Lady's petticoat nor the Monk's paunch!

Percy. Still they approach, though slowly—One leans on his companion, and seems to move with pain.—Let us retire and observe them.

Motl. Away, Sir—I'm at your heels.—

[*They draw back.*

Enter SAIB *conducting* KENRIC.

Saib. Nay, yet hold up a while!—Now we are near the Fisher's cottage.

Kenr. Good Saib, I needs must stop!—Enfeebled by Osmond's tortures, my limbs refuse to bear me further!—Here lay me down: Then fly to Percy, guide him to the dungeon, and, ere 'tis too late, bid him save the Father of Angela!

Percy. [*to* Motley.]—Hark! Did you hear?

Saib. Yet, to leave you thus alone———

Kenr. Oh, heed not me!—Think, that on these few moments depends our safety, Angela's freedom, Reginald's life!—You have the master key!—Fly, then—oh! fly to Percy!

Percy. [*starting forward.*]—Said he not Reginald?—Speak again, stranger!—What of Reginald?

Saib. Ha! Look up, Kenric, 'tis Percy's self!

Percy and Motley. How!—Kenric?

Kenr. [*sinking at* Percy's *feet.* Yes the guilty, the penitent Kenric!—Oh! surely 'twas Heaven sent you hither!—Know, Earl Percy, that Reginald lives, that Angela is his daughter!

Percy. Amazement!—And is this known to Osmond?

Kenr. Two hours have scarcely passed, since he surprised the secret.—Tortures compelled me to avow where Reginald was hidden, and he now is in his brother's power.—Fly then to his aid!—Alas! perhaps at this moment his destruction is completed!—Perhaps even now Osmond's dagger———

Percy. Within there!—Allan!—Harold!—Quick, Gilbert, sound your horn!——[Motley *sounds it.*]

Enter

Enter ALLAN, EDRIC, HAROLD, *and soldiers.*

Percy. Friends, may I depend on your ſupport?

Har. While we breathe, all will ſtand by you!

Soldiers. All!—All!

Percy. Follow me then!—Away!

Kenr. Yet ſtay one moment!—Percy, to this grateful friend have I confided a maſter-key, which will inſtantly admit you to the Caſtle, and have deſcribed to him the retreat of Reginald!—Be he your guide, and haſten———Oh! that pang!—[*He faints,* Allan *and* Edric *ſupport him.*]

Percy. Look to him!—He ſinks!—Bear him to your hut, Edric, and there tend his hurts—[*To* Saib.] Now on, good fellow, and ſwiftly!—Oſmond, deſpair!—I come! [*Exit, with* Saib, Motley, Harold, *and ſoldiers on one ſide, while* Allan *and* Edric *convey away* Kenric, *ſtill fainting on the other.*

SCENE II.—*A Vaulted Chamber.*

Enter Father PHILIP, *with a Baſket on his Arm and a Torch, conducting* ANGELA.

F. Phil. Thanks to St. Francis, we have as yet paſſed unobſerved!—Surely, of all travelling companions, Fear is the leaſt agreeable: I couldn't be more fatigued, had I run twenty miles without ſtopping!

Ang. Why this delay?—Good Father let us proceed.

F. Phil. Ere I can go farther, Lady, I muſt needs ſtop to take breath, and refreſh my ſpirits with a taſte of this cordial—[*taking a bottle from the baſket.*]

Ang. Oh! not now—!Think that Oſmond may diſcover me and mar your kind attentions—This room, you ſay, conceals the private door:—Pr'ythee, uncloſe it!—Let us from hence!—Wait till we are ſafe under Percy's protection, and then drink as you liſt.—But not now, Father!—In pity, not now!

F. Phil. Well, well, be calm, Daughter!—Oh! theſe women! theſe women!—They mind no one's comfort but their own!———Now, where is the door?

Ang. How tedious ſeems every moment which I paſs

pass within these hated walls!——Ha! Yonder comes a light!

F. Phil. So, so—I've found it at last—[*touching a spring, a secret door flies open.*]

Ang. It moves this way!—By all my fears, 'tis Osmond!—In, Father, in!—Away for Heaven's sake!—— [*Exeunt, closing the door after them.*

Enter OSMOND *and* HASSAN *with a Torch.*

Osm. [*after a pause of gloomy meditation.*] Is all still within the Castle?

Hass. As the silence of the grave.

Osm. Where are your fellows?

Hass. Saib guards the traitor Kenric: Muley and Alaric are buried in sleep.

Osm. Their hands have been stained with blood, and yet can they sleep?—Call your companions hither.—[Hassan *offers to leave the torch.*]—Away with light! Its beams are hateful! [*Exit* Hassan.

Osm. [*alone.*] Yes! this is the place. If Kenric said true, for sixteen years have the vaults beneath me rang with my brother's groans.—I dread to unclose the door!—How shall I sustain the beams of his eye when they rest on Evelina's murderer?—— How will his proud heart swell with rage at meeting his usurping brother!—Ah! the beams of his eye must long since have been quenched in tears!—— The pride of his heart must by this be subdued by sufferings!—Great have been those sufferings—in truth so great, that even my hatred bends before them.—Yet for that hatred had I not cause?—At Tournaments, 'twas on Reginald that each bright eye was bent; at Court, 'twas to Reginald that each noble proffered friendship. Evelina too!—Ha! at that name my expiring hate revives!—Reginald! Reginald! for thee was I sacrificed!—Oh! when it strikes a second blow, my poniard shall stab surer!

Enter HASSAN, MULEY, *and* ALARIC, *with Torches.*

The Africans. [*together.*] My Lord! my Lord!

Osm. Now, why this haste?

Hass. I tremble to inform you, that Saib has fled the Castle.—A master-key, which he found upon

Kenric, and of which he kept poſſeſſion, has enabled him to eſcape.

Oſm. Saib too gone? All are falſe! All forſake me!

Haſs. Yet more, my Lord; he has made his priſoner the companion of his flight.

Oſm. [*ſtarting.*] How? Kenric eſcaped?

Alaric. 'Tis but too certain; doubtleſs he has fled to Percy.

Oſm. To Percy?—Ha! then I muſt be ſpeedy: my fate hangs on a thread! Friends, I have ever found ye faithful; mark me now!—[*opening the private door*] Of theſe two paſſages, the left conducts to a long chain of dungeons: in one of theſe my brother ſtill languiſhes. Once already have you ſeen him bleeding beneath my ſword—but he yet exiſts. My fortune, my love, nay my life, are at ſtake!—Need I ſay more?—[*Each half-unſheathes his ſword.*] That geſture ſpeaks me underſtood. On then before, I follow you.—[*The* Africans *paſs through the private door,* Oſmond *is advancing towards it, when he ſuddenly ſtarts back.*]—Ha! Why roll theſe ſeas of blood before me? Whoſe mangled corſe do they bear to my feet?—Fratricide?—Oh! 'tis a dreadful name!—Yet how preſerve myſelf and Reginald?—It cannot be! We muſt not breathe the ſame atmoſphere.—Fate, thy hand urges me!——Fate, thy voice prompts me!—Thou haſt ſpoken—I obey.—[*He follows the* Africans; *the door is cloſed after him.*]

SCENE III.—*A gloomy ſubterraneous Dungeon, wide and lofty: The upper part of it has in ſeveral places fallen in, and left large chaſms. On one ſide are various paſſages leading to other Caverns: On the other is an Iron Door, with ſteps leading to it, and a Wicket in the middle.* Reginald, *pale and emaciated, in coarſe garments, his hair hanging wildly about his face, and a chain bound round his body, lies ſleeping upon a bed of ſtraw. A lamp, a ſmall baſket, and a pitcher, are placed near him. After a few moments he awakes, and extends his arms.*

Reg.

Reg. My child! My Evelina!—Oh! fly me not, lovely forms!—They are gone, and once more I live to misery.—Thou wert kind to me, Sleep!—Even now, methought I sat in my Castle hall:—A maid, lovely as the Queen of Fairies, hung on my knee, and hailed me by that sweet name, "Father!"—Yes, I was happy!—Yet frown not on me therefore, Darkness!—I am thine again, my gloomy bride!—Be not incensed, Despair, that I left thee for a moment; I have passed with thee sixteen years!—Ah! how many have I still to pass?—Yet fly not my bosom quite, sweet Hope!—Still speak to me of liberty, of light!—Whisper, that once more I shall see the morn break—that again shall my fevered lips drink the pure gale of evening!—God, thou know'st that I have borne my sufferings meekly; I have wept for myself, but never cursed my foes; I have sorrowed for thy anger, but never murmured at thy will.—Patient have I been—Oh! then reward me!—Let me once again press my daughter in my arms!—Let me, for one instant, feel again that I clasp to my heart a being who loves me!—Speed thou to heaven, prayer of a captive!—[*He sinks upon a stone, with his hands clasped, and his eyes bent stedfastly upon the flame of a lamp.*]

ANGELA *and* Father PHILIP *are seen through the chasms above, passing along slowly.*

Ang. Be cautious, Father!—Feel you not how the ground trembles beneath us?

F. Phil. Perfectly well; and would give my best breviary to find myself once more on terra firma. But the outlet cannot be far off: Let us proceed.

Ang. Look down upon us, blessed Angels!—Aid us!—Protect us!

F. Phil. Amen, fair daughter!—And now away.

[*Exeunt.*

Reg. [*after a pause.*] 'Tis that door which divides me from happiness. How often against that door have I knelt and prayed, and ever knelt and prayed in vain!—Fearful, lest my complaints should move him from his purpose, my gaoler listens not, replies not:—Hasty through yon wicket he gives my food, then flies as if this dungeon held a serpent.—Oh!

then how my heart ſwells with bitterneſs, when the ſound of his retiring ſteps is heard no more, when through yon lofty chaſm I catch no longer the gleam of his departing torch!—How waſtes my lamp?—The hour of Kenric's viſit muſt long be paſt, and ſtill he comes not.—How, if death's hand hath ſtruck him ſuddenly?—My exiſtence unknown——Away from my fancy, dreadful idea!—[*Riſing, and taking the lamp*]—The breaking of my chain permits me to wander at large through the wide precincts of my priſon.—Haply the late ſtorm, whoſe pealing thunders were heard e'en in this abyſs, may have rent ſome friendly chaſm:—Haply ſome nook yet unexplored—Ah! no, no, no! My hopes are vain, my ſearch will be fruitleſs. Deſpair in theſe dungeons reigns deſpotic; ſhe mocks my complaints, rejects my prayers, and, when I ſue for freedom, bids me ſeek it in my grave!—Death! Oh! Death! how welcome wilt thou be to me! [*Exit.*

[*The noiſe is heard of an heavy bar falling; the door opens.*]

Enter Father PHILIP *and* ANGELA.

F. Phil. How's this? A door?

Ang. It was barred on the outſide.

F. Phil. That we'll forgive, as it wasn't bolted on the in. But I don't recollect—Surely I've not——

Ang. What's the matter?

F. Phil. By my faith, daughter, I ſuſpect that I've miſſed my way.

Ang. Heaven forbid!

F. Phil. Nay, if 'tis ſo, I ſha'n't be the firſt man who of two ways has preferred the wrong.

Ang. Provoking! And did I not tell you to chuſe the right-hand paſſage?

F. Phil. Truly, did you; and that was the very thing which made me chuſe the left. Whenever I'm in doubt myſelf, I generally aſk a woman's advice. When ſhe's of one way of thinking, I've always found that reaſon's on the other. In this inſtance, perhaps, I have been miſtaken: But wait here for one moment, and the fact ſhall be aſcertained. But, perhaps you fear being alone in the dark?

Ang.

Ang. I fear nothing, except Oſmond.

F. Phil. Nay, I've no more inclination to fall into his clutches again, than yourſelf. What would be the conſequence? You would be married, I ſhould be hung! Now, daughter, you may think that I've a very bad taſte, but, as I'm a Chriſtian, I'd rather be married fifty years, than hung for one little half hour. [*Exit.*

Ang. How thick and infectious is the air of this cavern! Yet perhaps for ſixteen years has my poor father breathed none purer. Hark! Steps are quick advancing! The Friar comes, but why in ſuch confuſion?

Re-enter Father PHILLIP [*running.*]

F. Phil. Help! Help! It follows me!

Ang. [*detaining him*] What alarms you? Speak!

F. Phil. His ghoſt! his ghoſt!—Let me go!—let me go!—let me go! [*Struggling to eſcape from* Angela, *he falls, and extinguiſhes the torch; then haſtily riſes, and ruſhes up the ſtair-caſe, throwing the door after him.*]

Ang. [*alone.*] Father! Father! Stay, for heaven's ſake!—He's gone, I cannot find the door!—Hark!—'Twas the clank of chains!—A light too!—It comes yet nearer!—Save me, ye powers!—What dreadful form!—'Tis here!—I faint with terror!—[*Sinks almoſt lifeleſs againſt the dungeon's ſide.*]

Re-enter REGINALD *with a lamp.*

Reg. He is gone!—Emaciated and ſtiff from long diſuſe, ſcarce can I draw my limbs along, and I ſtrive in vain to overtake the fugitive.

Ang. [*recovering herſelf.*] Still is it there, that fearful viſion!

Reg. [*placing his lamp upon a pile of ſtones.*] Why did Kenric enter my priſon? Haply, when he heard not my groans at the dungeon door, he thought that my woes were relieved by death. Oh! when will that thought be verified?

Ang. How ſunk his eye!—How wildly hangs his matted hair on his pale and furrowed brow!—Oh! thoſe are the furrows of anguiſh, not of age.

Reg. I have oft wiped away tears, but never cauſed them to flow;—oft have I lightened the priſoner's chains, but never increaſed their burthen:—Yet I am doomed to chains and tears!

Ang. Each ſound of his hollow plaintive voice ſtrikes to my heart. Dare I accoſt him—Yet perhaps a maniac——No matter; he ſuffers, and the accents of pity will flow ſweetly in his ears!

Reg. Thou art dead and at reſt, my wife!—Safe in yon ſkies, no thought of me moleſts thy quiet. Yet ſure I wrong thee! At the hour of death thy ſpirit ſhall ſtand beſide me, ſhall cloſe mine eyes gently, and murmur, "Die, Reginald, and be at peace!"

Ang. Hark! Heard I not——Pardon good ſtranger——

Reg. [*ſtarting wildly from his ſeat.*] 'Tis ſhe! She comes for me! Is the hour at hand, fair viſion? Spirit of Evelina, lead on, I follow thee!

[*He extends his arms towards her, ſtaggers a few paces forwards, then ſinks exhauſted on the ground.*]

Ang. He faints!—perhaps expires!—Still, ſtill!—See, he revives!

Reg. 'Tis gone! Once more the ſport of my bewildered brain—[*ſtarting up.*] Powers of bliſs! Look, where it moves again!—Oh! ſay, what art thou? If Evelina, ſpeak, oh! ſpeak!

Ang. Ha! Named he not Evelina? That look!—This dungeon too!—The emotions which his voice—It is, it muſt be!—Father! Oh! Father! Father!—[*falling upon his boſom.*]

Reg. Said you?—Meant you?—My daughter—my infant, whom I left—Oh! yes, it muſt be true! My heart, which ſprings towards you, acknowledges my child!—[*embracing her.*]

Ang. And is it thus I find you? Burthened with chains, no warmth, no air, no comfort!

Reg. Think of it no more, my deareſt! But ſay, how gained you entrance? Has Oſmond——

Ang. Oh! that name recalls my terrors!—Alas! you ſee in me a fugitive from his violence! Guided by a friendly Monk, whom your approach has frightened from me, I was endeavouring to eſcape: We

miſſed

miſſed our way, and chance guided us to this dungeon. But this is not a time for explanation. Anſwer me! Know you the ſubterraneous paſſages belonging to this Caſtle?

Reg. Whoſe entrance is without the walls? I do.

Ang. Then we may yet be ſaved! Father, we muſt fly this moment. Percy, the pride of our Engliſh youth, waits for me at the Conway's ſide. Come then, oh! come!—Stay not one moment longer.——[*As ſhe approaches the door, lights appear above.*]

Reg. Look! look, my child! The beams of diſtant torches flaſh through the gloom!

Ang. Ha!—Yet, perhaps, aſhamed of his deſertion, 'tis but the Monk, who returns to ſeek me.

Reg. Grant, Heaven, that it may prove ſo!

Oſm. [*above.*] Haſſan, guard you the door.—Follow me, friends.—[*The lights diſappear.*]

Ang. Oſmond's voice? Undone! Undone!—Oh! my father! he comes to ſeek you, perhaps to——— Oh! 'tis a word too dreadful for a daughter's lips!

Reg. If he ſeeks none but me, I am happy: But ſhould your ſteps have been traced, my child—Hark! they come! The gloom of yonder cavern may awhile conceal you: Fly to it: Hide yourſelf: Stir not, I charge you.

Ang. What, leave you? Oh! no, no!

Reg. Deareſt, I entreat, I conjure you, fly! Fear not for me!—Hark! they are at the door! Speed to the cavern! Speak not, move not; if poſſible, breathe not!

Ang. Father! Oh! Father!

Reg. Farewell! perhaps for ever!—[*He forces* Angela, *into the cavern, then returns haſtily, and throws himſelf on the bed of ſtraw.*]—Now then to hear my doom!

Enter OSMOND, *followed by* MULEY *and* ALARIC, *with torches.*

Oſm. The door unbarred?—Softly, my fears were falſe!—Lo! where ſtretched on the ground, ſtraw his couch, a ſtone his pillow, he taſtes that repoſe which flies from my bed of down!—Wake, Reginald, and ariſe!

Reg.

Reg. You here, Oſmond?—What brings you to this ſcene of ſorrow?—Alas! hope flies while I gaze upon your frowning eye!—Have I read its language aright, Oſmond?

Oſm. Aright, if you have read my hatred.—— Reginald, I bring you truth!—What other preſent could you expect from me?—Have you not been ever a *thorn* in my path, a ſpeck in my ſight?—Was not "Submit to your elder brother," the galling leſſon for ever ſounded in my ears? And when I praiſed ſome favourite ſpot of theſe domains, ſome high-browed hill, or blooming valley, was not my father's anſwer ſtill, "That will be your elder brother's?" Yes, the firſt thought which ſtruck my brain was, "I am a younger ſon!"—the firſt paſſion which tortured my heart was hate to him who made me one!

Reg. Have I deſerved that hate?—You often injured me, but as often I forgave.—You were ever my foe, but I never forgot you were my brother.

Oſm. Hypocrite!

Reg. Was I one when my weapon ſtruck the fierce Scot to the ground, whoſe ſword already glittered above your head?—Was I one when, as embarraſſed by your armour you ſank beneath the Severn's waves, I ſprang into the flood, I ſeized, I ſaved you?—Twice have I preſerved your life!—Oh! let it not be for my own deſtruction! See, my brother, the once proud Reginald lies at your feet, for his pride has been humbled by ſuffering!—Hear him adjure you by her aſhes, within whoſe boſom we both have lain, not to ſtain your hands with the blood of your brother!

Oſm. [*aſide.*] He melts me in my own deſpite!

Reg. The fountains of my eyes have been long dried up: I have no tears that can ſoften, no eloquence that can perſuade; but Heaven has lightnings that can blaſt!—Then ſpare me, Oſmond!—Kenric has told me that my daughter lives!—Reſtore me to her arms: permit us in obſcurity to paſs our days together!—Then ſhall my laſt ſigh implore upon your head Heaven's forgiveneſs, and Evelina's.

Oſm. It ſhall be ſo.—Riſe, Reginald, and hear me!—You mentioned even now your daughter—

Know,

Know, ſhe is in my power; know alſo, that I love her!

Reg. How?

Oſm. She rejects my offers.—Your authority can oblige her to accept them.—Swear to uſe it, and this inſtant will I lead you to her arms.

Reg. Oſmond, ſhe is your niece!

Oſm. I have influence at Rome—That obſtacle will be none to me.—What is your anſwer?—You heſitate!—Say, will you give the demanded oath?

Reg. I cannot diſſemble, Oſmond; I never will*.

Oſm. How?—Reflect that your life——

Reg. Would be valueleſs, if purchaſed by my daughter's tears—would be loathſome, if embittered by my daughter's miſery. Oſmond, I will not take the oath.

Oſm. [*almoſt choaked with paſſion.*]—'Tis enough!—[*to the* Africans.]—You know your duty!—Drag him to yonder cavern!—Let me not ſee him die!

Reg. [*holding by a fragment of the wall, from which the* Africans *ſtrive to force him.*]—Brother, for pity's ſake! for your ſoul's happineſs!

Oſm. Obey me, ſlaves!—Away!

ANGELA *ruſhes in wildly.*

Ang. Hold off!—Hurt him not!—He is my father!

Oſm. Angela here?

Reg. Daughter, what means——

Ang. [*embracing him.*]—You ſhall live, Father!—I will ſacrifice all to preſerve you!—Here is my hand, Oſmond!—'Tis yours; but ſpare my father!

Oſm. [*tranſported.*] Lovely Angela!—

Reg. How, raſh girl?—What would you do?

Oſm. Reginald, reflect—

Reg. Your uncle!—Your mother's murderer!—Remember——

Ang. Your life is in danger; I muſt forget all elſe. Oſmond, releaſe my father, and ſolemnly I ſwear—

* This is the third time that Oſmond has aſked the ſame queſtion, and the poor man always receives the ſame anſwer.

Reg.

Reg. Hold, girl, and first hear me!—[*kneeling.*]—God of Nature, to Thee I call!—If e'er on Osmond's bosom a child of mine rests—if e'er she calls him husband who pierced her hapless mother's heart, that moment shall a wound, by my own hand inflicted—

Ang. Hold!—Oh! hold!—End not your oath!

Osm. I burn with rage!

Reg. Swear never to be Osmond's!

Ang. I swear!—

Reg. Be repaid by this embrace!

Osm. Be it your last!—Tear them asunder!

Ang. Away!—Away! I will not leave him!

Osm. Part them, I say!—Ha! What noise?

Enter HASSAN *hastily.*

Hass. My Lord, all is lost!—Percy has surprised the Castle, and speeds this way!

Osm. Confusion!—Then I must be sudden.—Aid me, Hassan!—[Hassan *and* Osmond *force* Angela *from her Father, who suddenly disengages himself from* Muley *and* Alaric.]

Reg. Friends so near?—Villains! at least you shall buy my life dearly!——[*suddenly seizing* Hassan's *sword.*]

Osm. [*employed with* Hassan *in retaining* Angela, *while* Reginald *defends himself against* Muley *and* Alaric.]—Down with him!—Wrest the sword from him!—[Alaric *is wounded, and falls;* Muley *gives back; at the same time* Osmond's *party appears above, pursued by* Percy's.]——Hark!—They come!——Dastardly villains!—Nay then my own hand must——[*Drawing his sword, he rushes upon* Reginald, *who is disarmed, and beaten upon his knees; when at the moment that* Osmond *lifts his arm to stab him,* Evelina's *Ghost throws herself between them:* Osmond *starts back, and drops his sword.*]

Osm. Horror!—What form is this?

Ang. Die!—[*Disengaging herself from* Hassan, *she springs suddenly forwards, and plunges her dagger in* Osmond's *bosom, who falls with a loud groan, and faints.*

faints. The Ghoſt vaniſhes; Angela *and* Reginald *ruſh into each other's arms.*]

Ang. Father, thou art mine again!

Enter PERCY, MOTLEY, SAIB, HAROLD, *&c. purſuing* OSMOND's *Party.* [*All ſtop on ſeeing him bleeding upon the ground.*]

Percy. Hold, my brave friends!—See where lies the object of our ſearch!

Ang. Percy!—Dear Percy!

Percy. [*flying to her.*]—Deareſt Angela!

Ang. My friend, my guardian angel!—Come, Percy, come! embrace my father.—Father, embrace the protector of your child!

Percy. Do I then behold Earl Reginald?

Reg. [*embracing him.*] The ſame, brave Percy!—Welcome to my heart!—Live ever next it.

Ang. Oh, moment that o'erpays my ſufferings!—And yet——Percy, that wretched man—He periſhed by my hand!

Saib. Hark, he ſighs!——There is life ſtill in him!

Ang. Life?——Then ſave him, ſave him!——Bear him to his chamber!——Look to his wound!—Heal it, if poſſible!—At leaſt gain him time to repent his crimes and errors!——[Oſmond *is conveyed away:—Servants enter with torches, and the Stage becomes light.*]

Percy. Though ill-deſerved by his guilt, your generous pity ſtill is amiable.—But ſay, fair Angela, what have I to hope?—Is my love approved by your noble father?—Will he—

Reg. Percy, this is no time to talk of love.—Let me haſten to my expiring brother, and ſoften with forgiveneſs the pangs of death!

Percy. And can you forget your ſufferings?

Reg. Ah! youth, has he had none?—Oh! in his ſtately chambers, far greater muſt have been his pangs than mine in this gloomy dungeon; for what

gave

gave *me* comfort was his terror—what gave *me* hope was his deſpair. I knew that I was guiltleſs—knew that, though I ſuffered in this world, my lot would be happy in that to come!

And, Oh thou wretch! whom hopeleſs woes oppreſs,
Whoſe day no joys, whoſe night no ſlumbers bleſs!
When pale Deſpair alarms thy phrenſied eye,
Screams in thine ear, and bids thee Heaven deny,
Court thou Religion! Strvie thy faith to ſave!
Bend thy fixed glance on bliſs beyond the grave!
Huſh guilty murmurs! Baniſh dark miſtruſt!
Think there's a Power above! nor doubt that Power is juſt!

FINIS.

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